Sept 22

BUCKY *and* TORO in

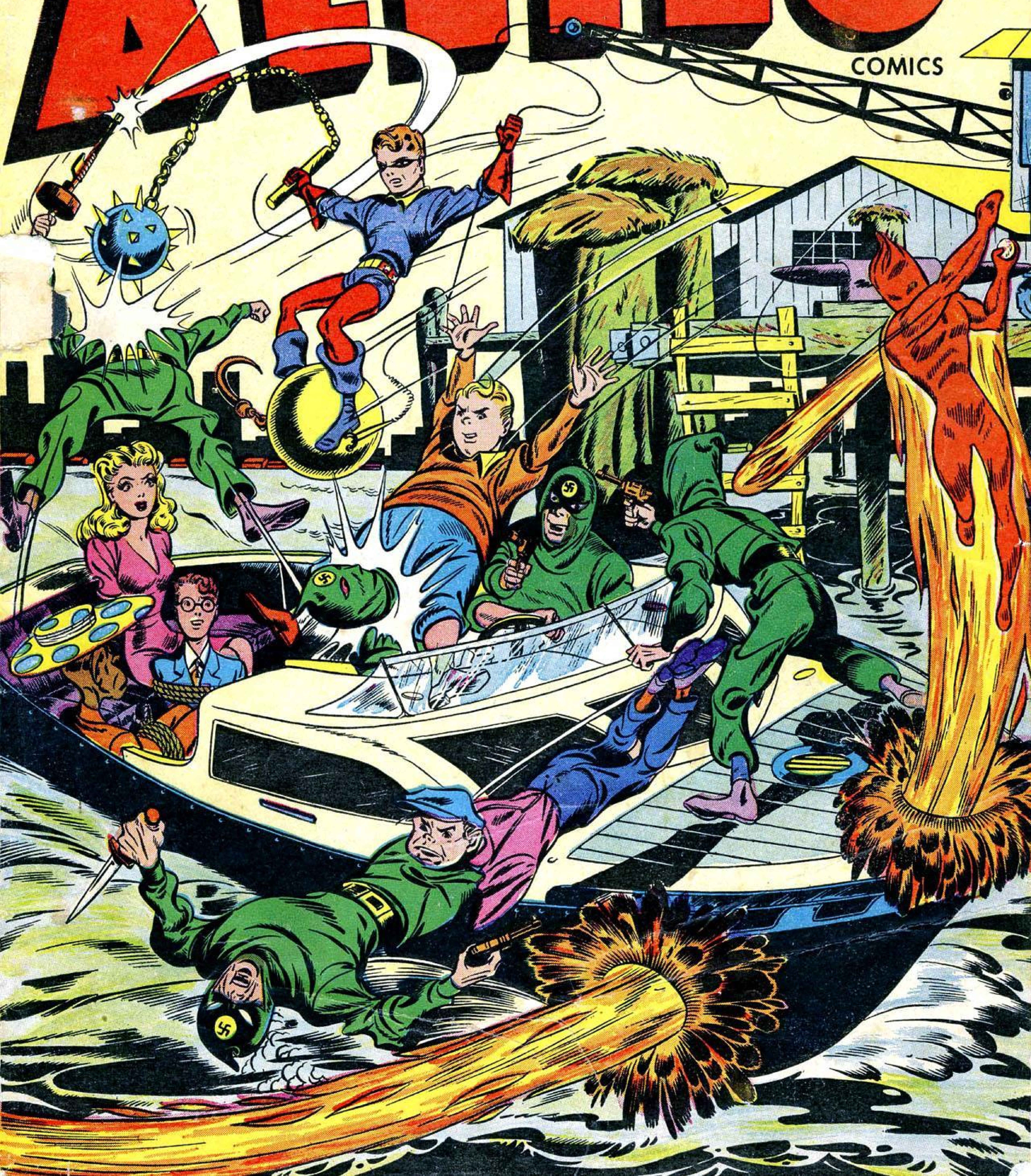
YOUNG ALLIES

COMICS

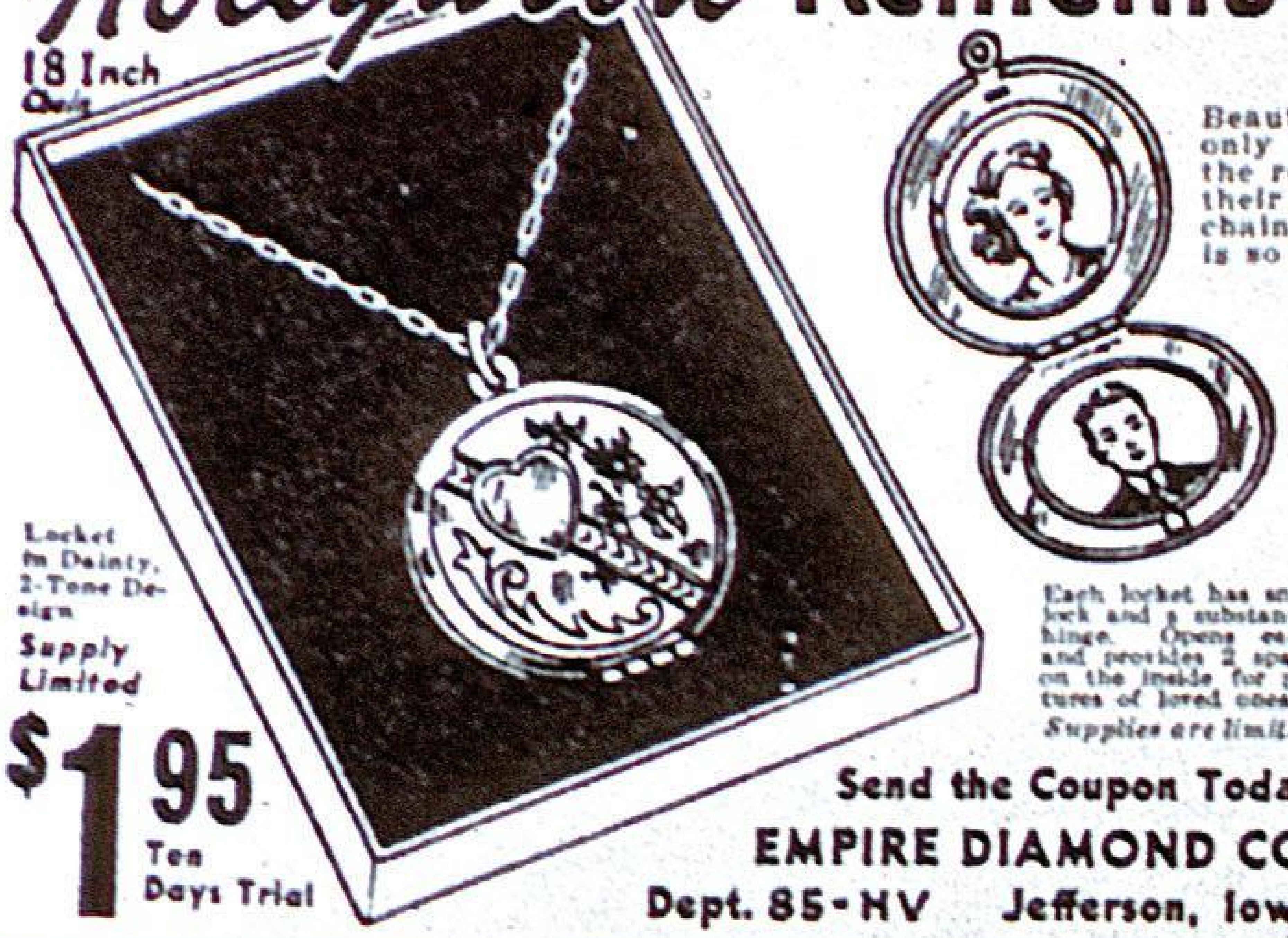
WINTER

NO. 14

10¢



Hollywood Remembrance *LOCKET*



Dainty, New, Two-Tone

Beautiful lockets are in style today more than ever, not only because of their extraordinary beauty, but also for the reason that so many ladies want to have pictures of their loved ones near to them at all times. The 18-inch chain has a special safety lock fastener. No other keepsake is so precious and ornamental as this beautiful locket.

Locket in Dainty, 2-Tone Design

Supply Limited

$1.95

Ten Days Trial

Each locket has snap-lock and a substantial hinge. Opens easily and provides 2 spaces on the inside for pictures of loved ones.

Supplies are limited

Send the Coupon Today

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.

Dept. 85-NV Jefferson, Iowa

SEND NO MONEY

The front of the locket is new, two-tone design with sentimental heart and red roses in life-like colors. Send no money. Just mail the coupon today. Your package will be sent immediately and you pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents for mailing costs and 20% Federal tax, on arrival. 10 Days Money-Back Guarantee.

Empire Diamond Co., Dept. 85-NV Jefferson, Iowa.

Send the New, 2-Tone Locket. I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name..

Address..

City........................... **State**..........

New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 919, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Name ....

Address ....

City.................... State..........

Color of Hair ....

Color of Eyes ....

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 919, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN *AWAY*

Also Other Valuable Gifts.

Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. Dozens of other useful and valuable gifts (Hose, Pens, Scissors, Rings, Lockets, Costume Jewelry, etc.) are also offered in our free catalog-circular. Send name and address today for order and catalog to start.

Birthstone Ring Given for Selling 5 boxes.

Hollywood Locket—Given for selling 10 boxes.

Powerful Telescope for spotting planes Given for selling 10 boxes.

Ladies' Hosiery Given for Selling 5 boxes.

Just Send The Coupon We TRUST You

Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone. Send coupon today.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-153, Jefferson, Iowa

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-153** Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY.................... STATE.......

Gift I would like to have you send me.

....

....

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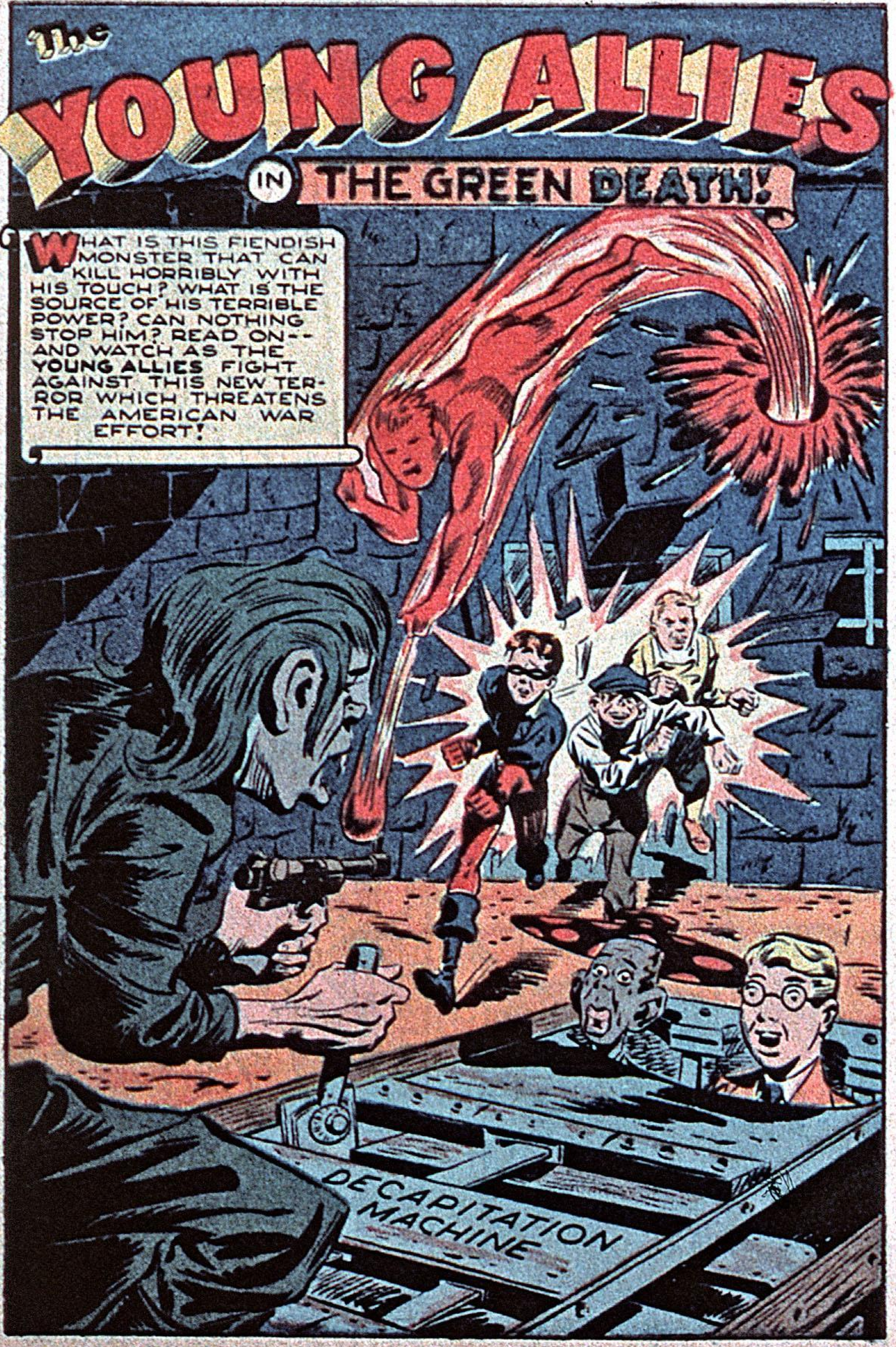
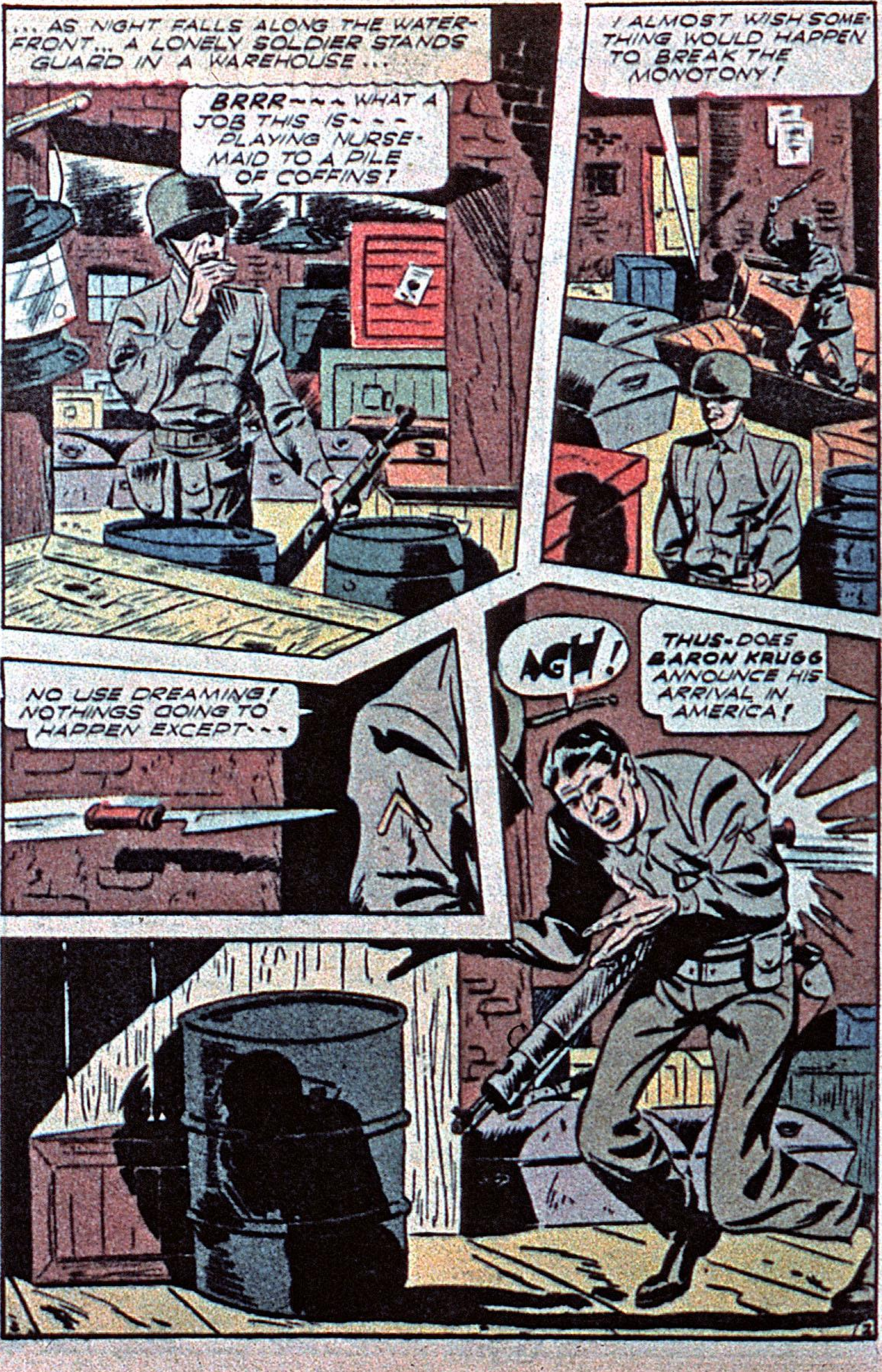
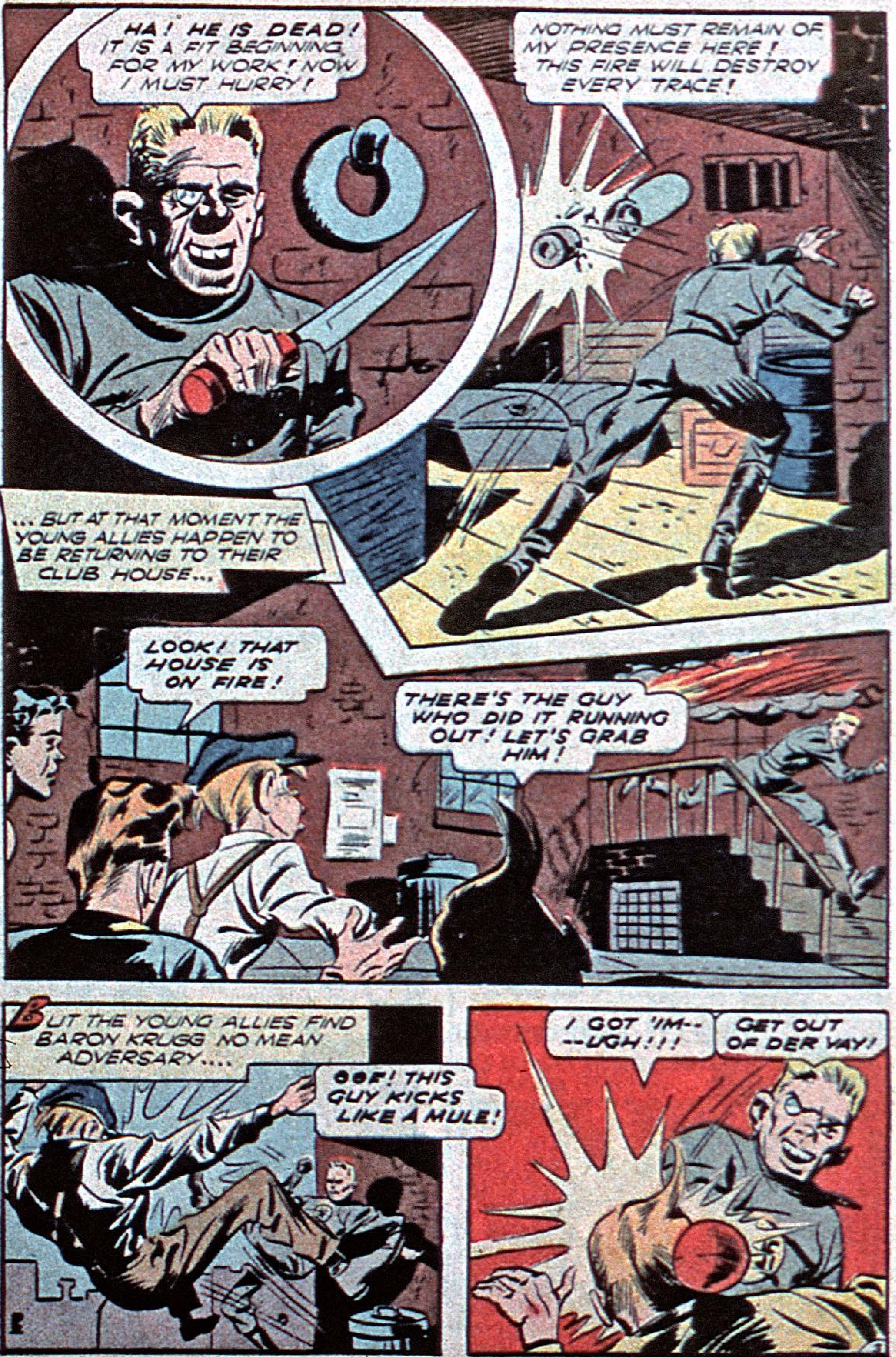
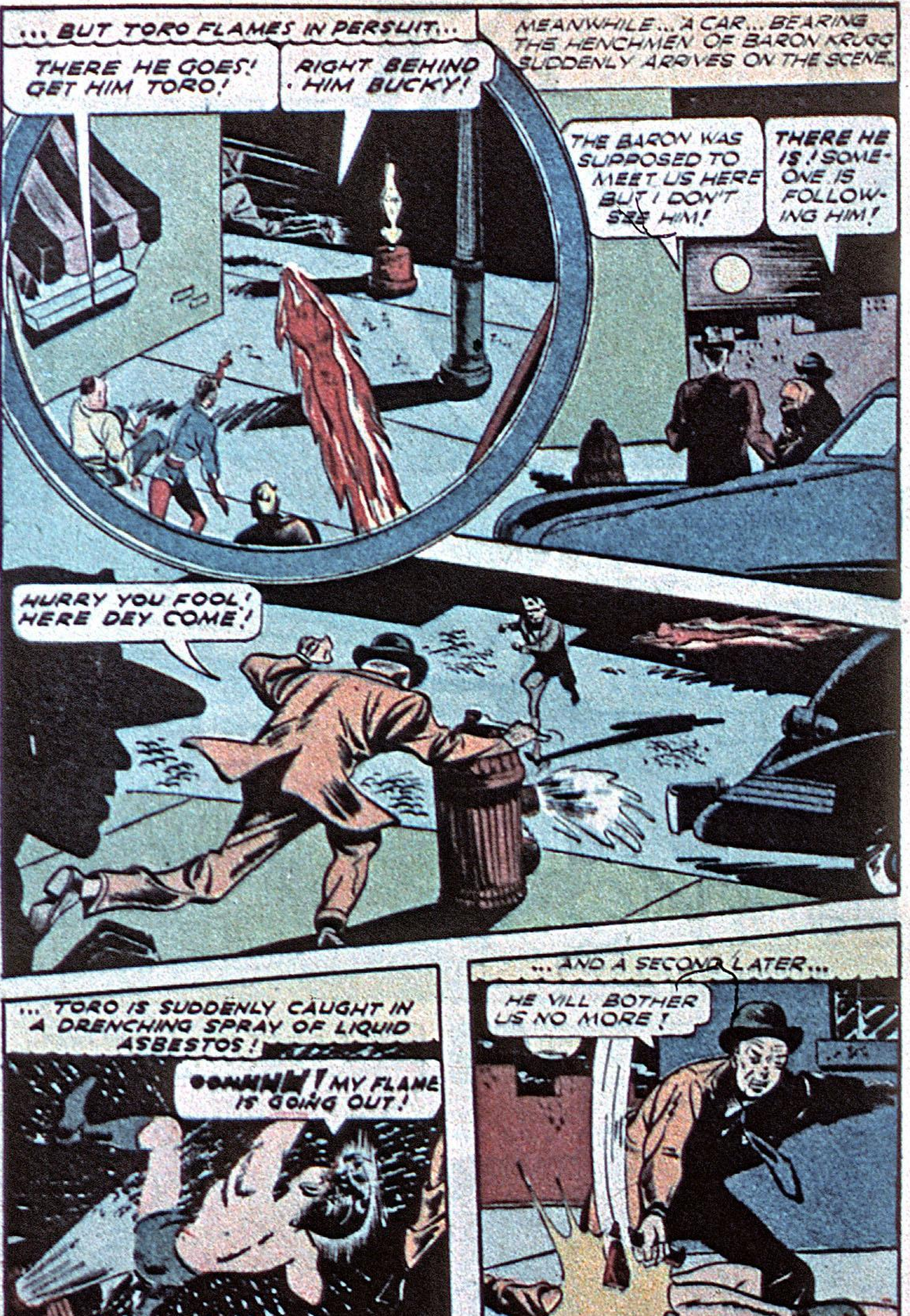
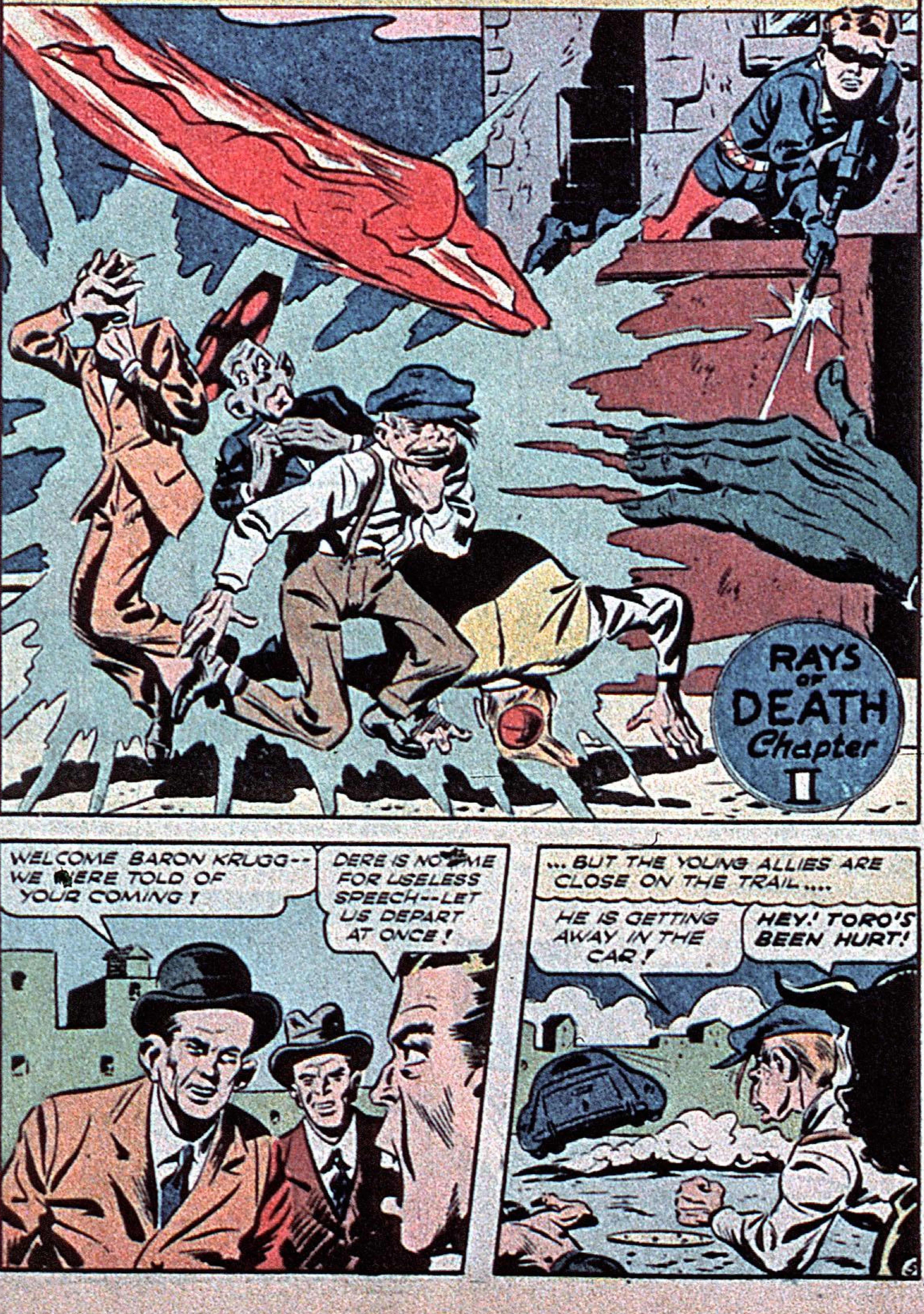

The YOUNG ALLIES
IN THE GREEN DEATH!
WHAT IS THIS FIENDISH MONSTER THAT CAN KILL HORRIBLY WITH HIS TOUCH? WHAT IS THE SOURCE OF HIS TERRIBLE POWER? CAN NOTHING STOP HIM? READ ON-- AND WATCH AS THE YOUNG ALLIES FIGHT AGAINST THIS NEW TERROR WHICH THREATENS THE AMERICAN WAR EFFORT!
DECAPITATION MACHINE

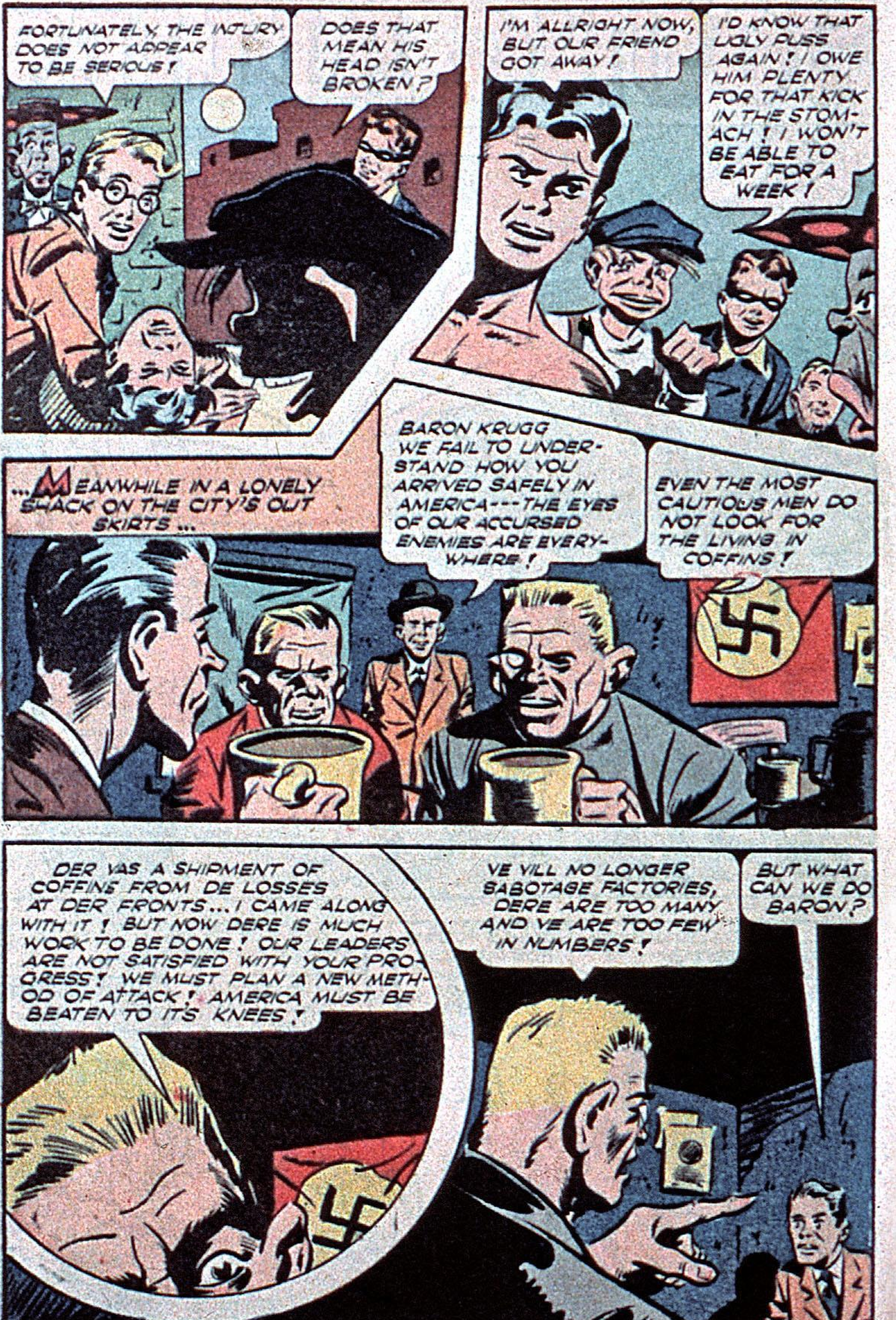

... AS NIGHT FALLS ALONG THE WATERFRONT... A LONELY SOLDIER STANDS GUARD IN A WAREHOUSE ...
BRRR--- WHAT A JOB THIS IS--- PLAYING NURSEMAID TO A PILE OF COFFINS!
I ALMOST WISH SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN TO BREAK THE MONOTONY!
NO USE DREAMING! NOTHINGS GOING TO HAPPEN EXCEPT---
AGH!
THUS-DOES BARON KRUGG ANNOUNCE HIS ARRIVAL IN AMERICA!

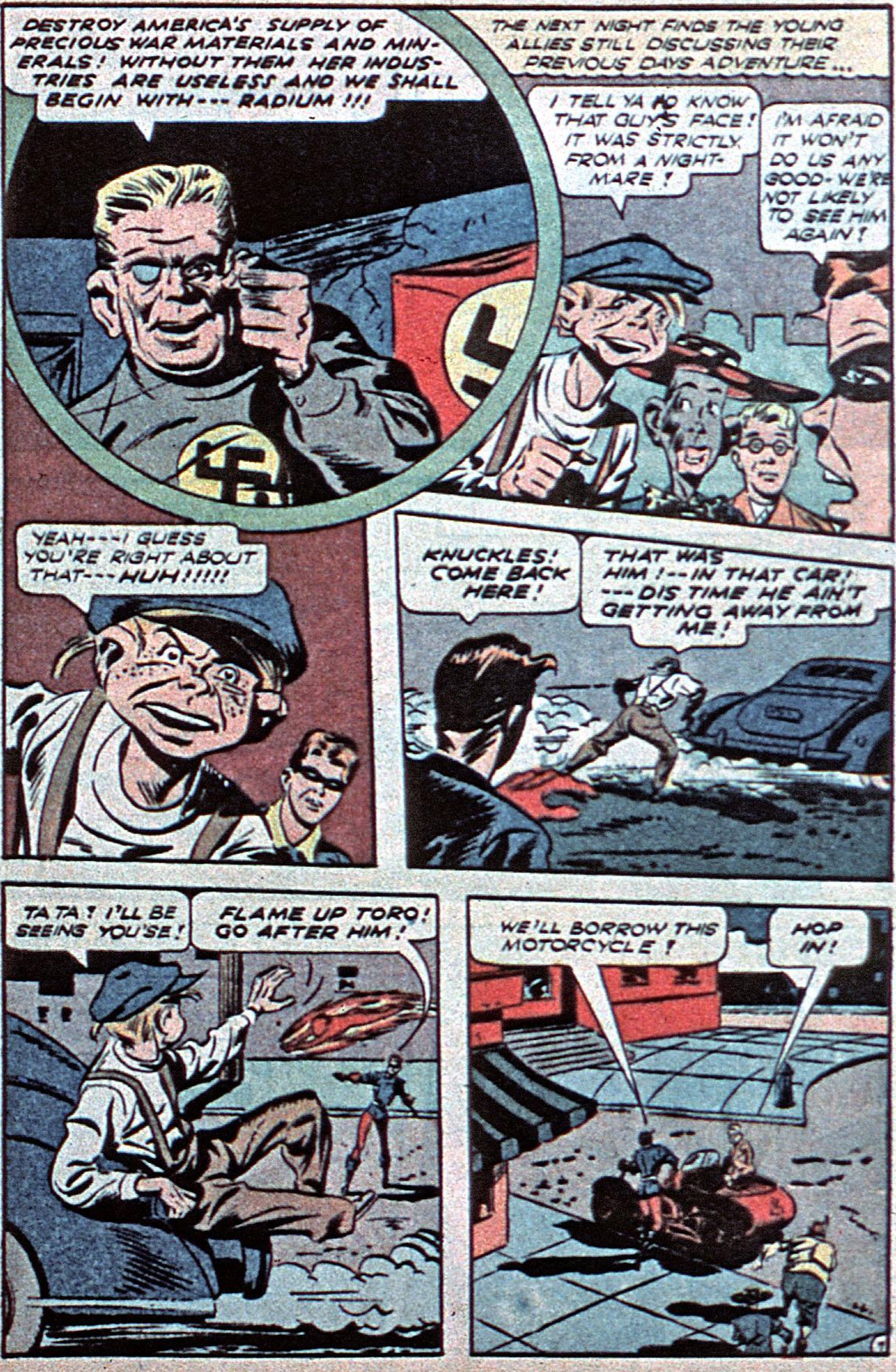

HA! HE IS DEAD! IT IS A FIT BEGINNING FOR MY WORK! NOW I MUST HURRY!
NOTHING MUST REMAIN OF MY PRESENCE HERE! THIS FIRE WILL DESTROY EVERY TRACE!
... BUT AT THAT MOMENT THE YOUNG ALLIES HAPPEN TO BE RETURNING TO THEIR CLUB HOUSE...
LOOK! THAT HOUSE IS ON FIRE!
THERE'S THE GUY WHO DID IT RUNNING OUT! LET'S GRAB HIM!
BUT THE YOUNG ALLIES FIND BARON KRUGG NO MEAN ADVERSARY....
OOF! THIS GUY KICKS LIKE A MULE!
I GOT 'IM-- --UGH!!!
GET OUT OF DER VAY!

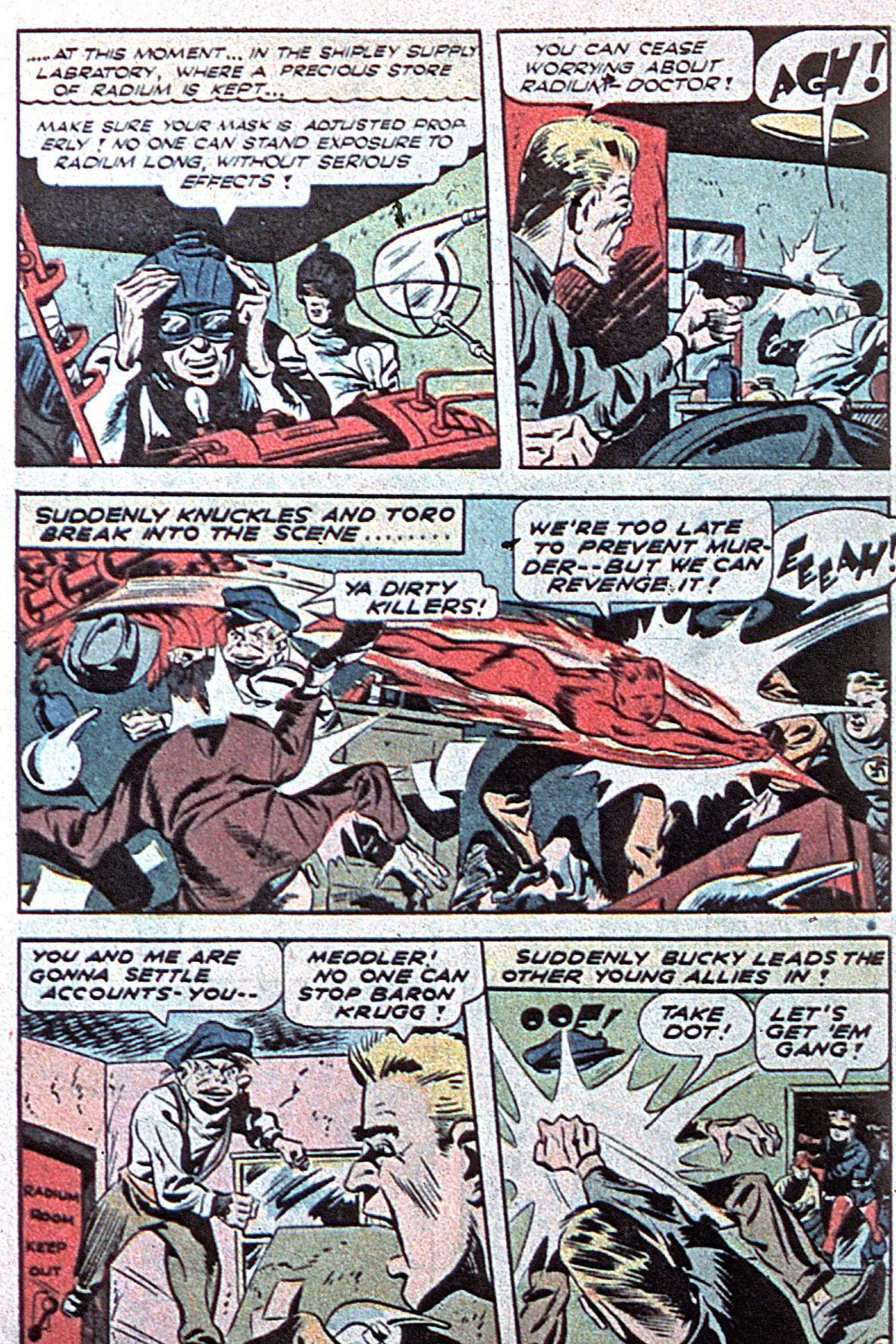

... BUT TORO FLAMES IN PERSUIT...
THERE HE GOES! GET HIM TORO!
RIGHT BEHIND HIM BUCKY!
MEANWHILE... A CAR... BEARING THE HENCHMEN OF BARON KRUGG SUDDENLY ARRIVES ON THE SCENE...
THE BARON WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET US HERE BUT I DON'T SEE HIM!
THERE HE IS! SOMEONE IS FOLLOWING HIM!
HURRY YOU FOOL! HERE DEY COME!
... TORO IS SUDDENLY CAUGHT IN A DRENCHING SPRAY OF LIQUID ASBESTOS!
OOHHHH! MY FLAME IS GOING OUT!
... AND A SECOND LATER...
HE VILL BOTHER US NO MORE!
4

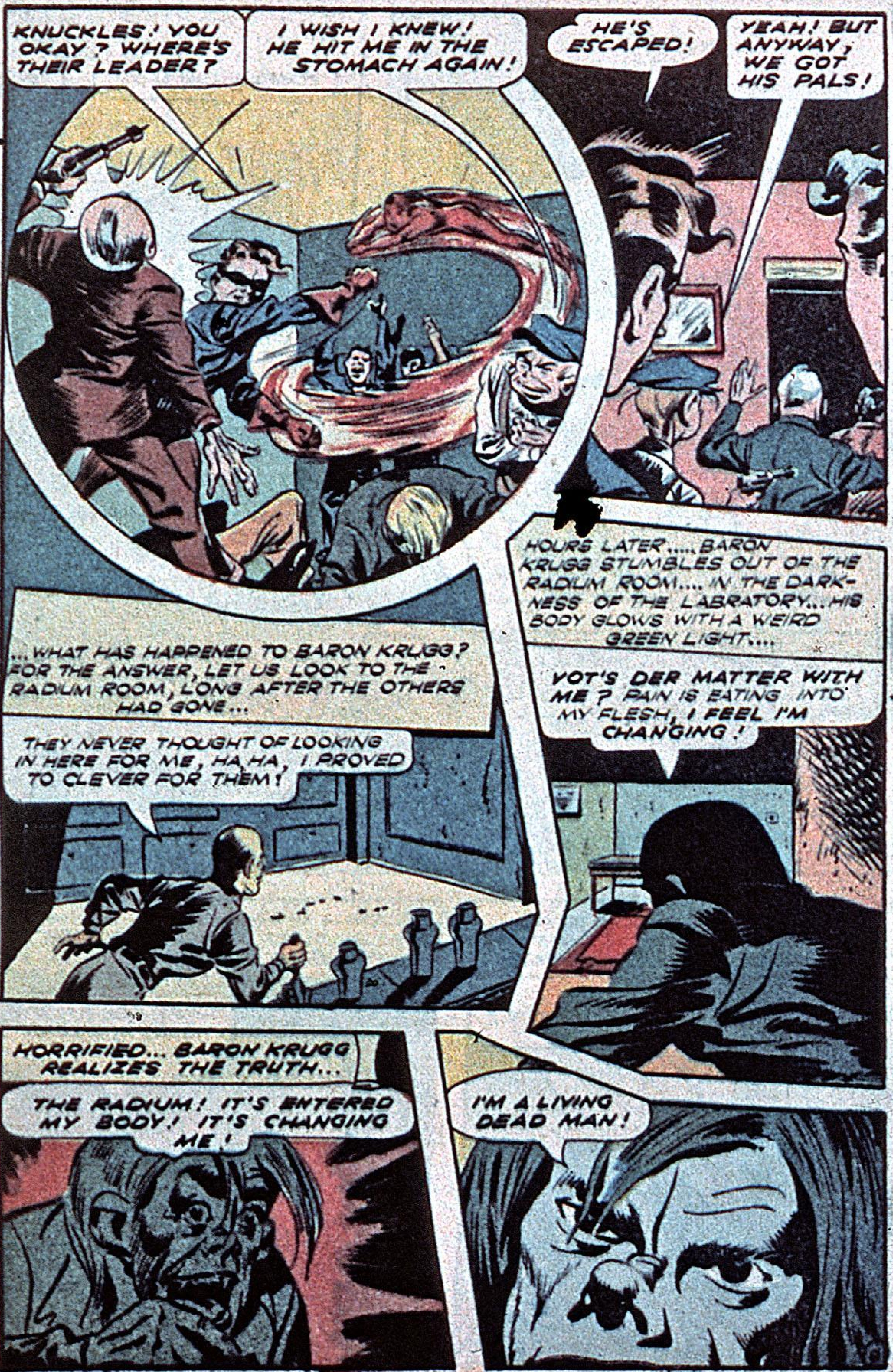
THE YOUNG ALLIES

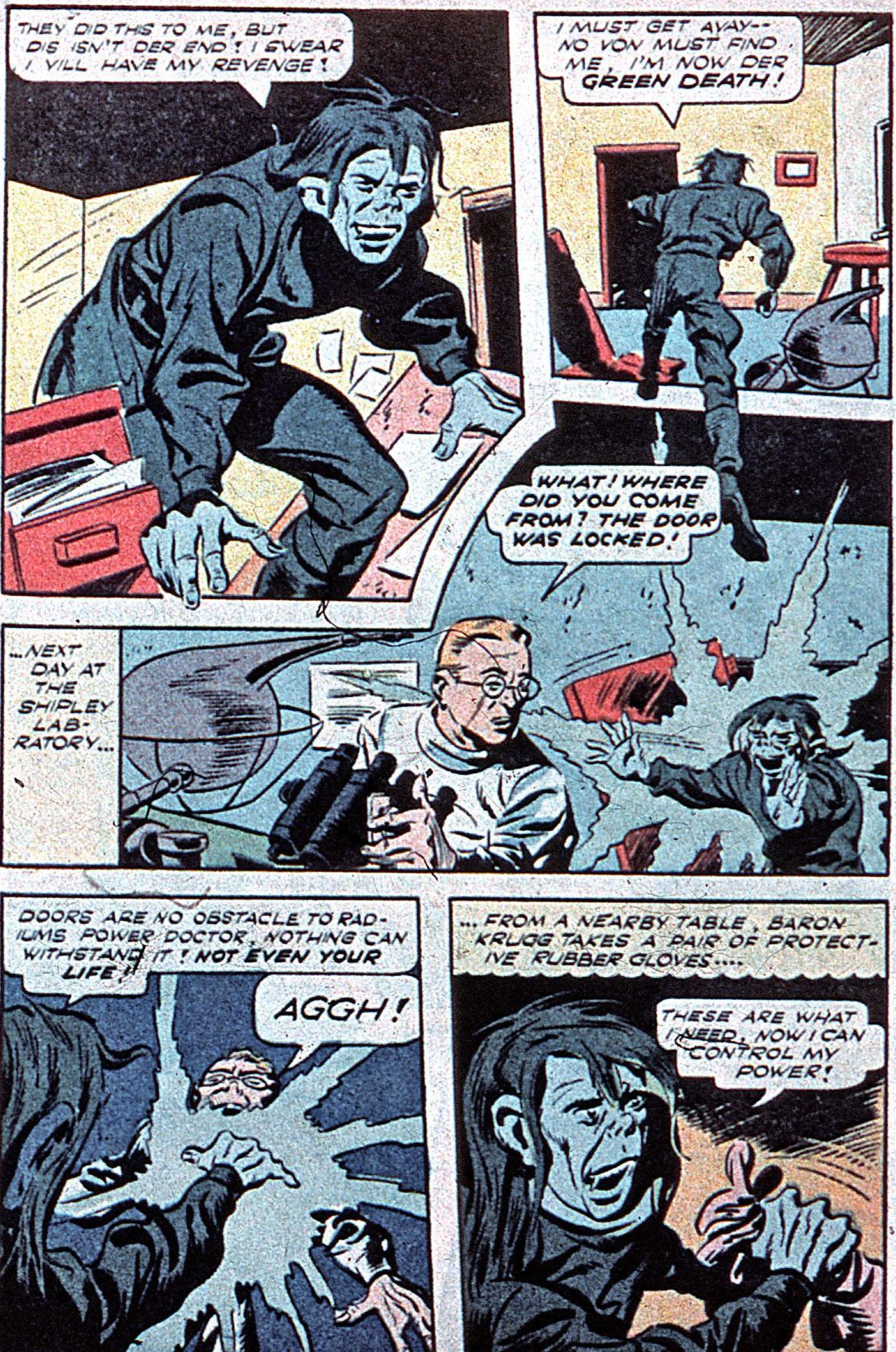

RAYS of DEATH Chapter II
WELCOME BARON KRUGG--WE WERE TOLD OF YOUR COMING!
DERE IS NO TIME FOR USELESS SPEECH--LET US DEPART AT ONCE!
... BUT THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE CLOSE ON THE TRAIL....
HE IS GETTING AWAY IN THE CAR!
HEY! TORO'S BEEN HURT!

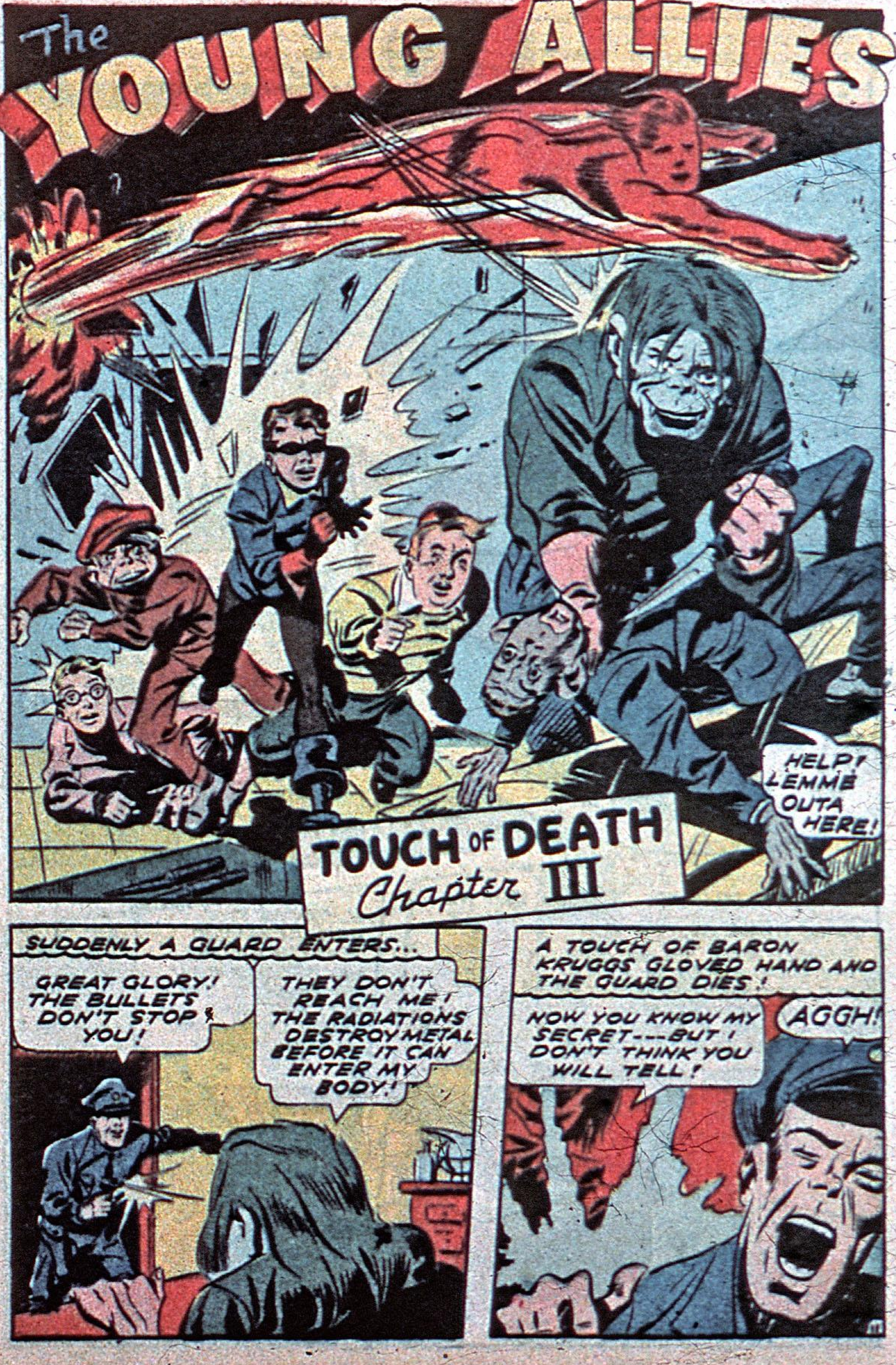

FORTUNATELY, THE INJURY DOES NOT APPEAR TO BE SERIOUS!
DOES THAT MEAN HIS HEAD ISN'T BROKEN?
I'M ALLRIGHT NOW, BUT OUR FRIEND GOT AWAY!
I'D KNOW THAT UGLY PUSS AGAIN! I OWE HIM PLENTY FOR THAT KICK IN THE STOMACH! I WON'T BE ABLE TO EAT FOR A WEEK!
...MEANWHILE IN A LONELY SHACK ON THE CITY'S OUT SKIRTS...
BARON KRUGG WE FAIL TO UNDERSTAND HOW YOU ARRIVED SAFELY IN AMERICA---THE EYES OF OUR ACCURSED ENEMIES ARE EVERYWHERE!
EVEN THE MOST CAUTIOUS MEN DO NOT LOOK FOR THE LIVING IN COFFINS!
DER VAS A SHIPMENT OF COFFINS FROM DE LOSSES AT DER FRONTS... I CAME ALONG WITH IT! BUT NOW DERE IS MUCH WORK TO BE DONE! OUR LEADERS ARE NOT SATISFIED WITH YOUR PROGRESS! WE MUST PLAN A NEW METHOD OF ATTACK! AMERICA MUST BE BEATEN TO IT'S KNEES!
VE VILL NO LONGER SABOTAGE FACTORIES, DERE ARE TOO MANY AND VE ARE TOO FEW IN NUMBERS!
BUT WHAT CAN WE DO BARON?

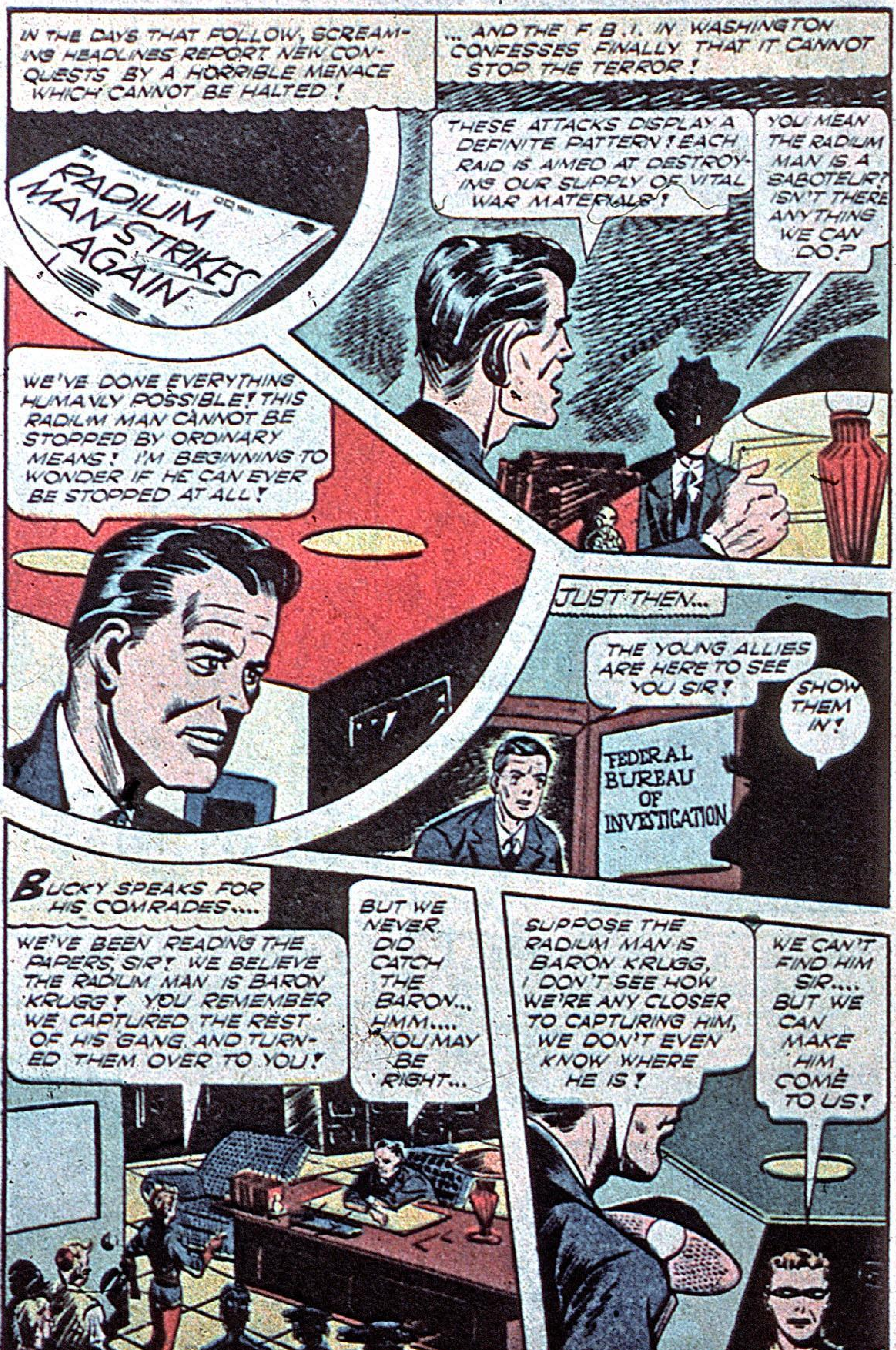

DESTROY AMERICA'S SUPPLY OF PRECIOUS WAR MATERIALS AND MINERALS! WITHOUT THEM HER INDUSTRIES ARE USELESS AND WE SHALL BEGIN WITH--- RADIUM!!!
THE NEXT NIGHT FINDS THE YOUNG ALLIES STILL DISCUSSING THEIR PREVIOUS DAYS ADVENTURE...
I TELL YA I'D KNOW THAT GUY'S FACE! IT WAS STRICTLY FROM A NIGHTMARE!
I'M AFRAID IT WON'T DO US ANY GOOD- WE'RE NOT LIKELY TO SEE HIM AGAIN!
YEAH---I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THAT---HUH!!!!!
KNUCKLES! COME BACK HERE!
THAT WAS HIM!--IN THAT CAR! ---DIS TIME HE AIN'T GETTING AWAY FROM ME!
TA TA! I'LL BE SEEING YOU'SE!
FLAME UP TORO! GO AFTER HIM!
WE'LL BORROW THIS MOTORCYCLE!
HOP IN!

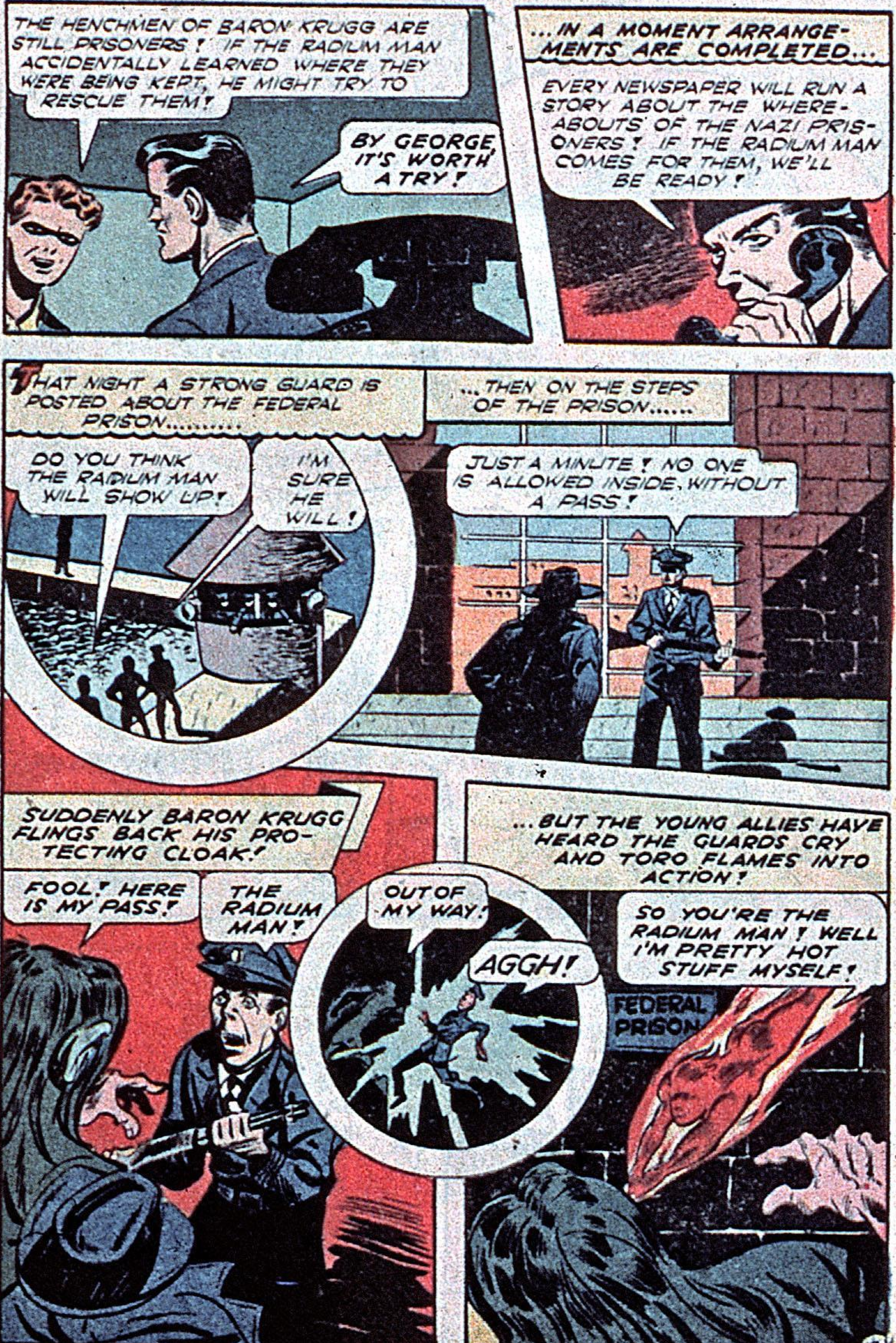

....AT THIS MOMENT... IN THE SHIPLEY SUPPLY LABRATORY, WHERE A PRECIOUS STORE OF RADIUM IS KEPT...
MAKE SURE YOUR MASK IS ADJUSTED PROPERLY! NO ONE CAN STAND EXPOSURE TO RADIUM LONG, WITHOUT SERIOUS EFFECTS!
YOU CAN CEASE WORRYING ABOUT RADIUM--DOCTOR!
AGH!
SUDDENLY KNUCKLES AND TORO BREAK INTO THE SCENE........
YA DIRTY KILLERS!
WE'RE TOO LATE TO PREVENT MURDER--BUT WE CAN REVENGE IT!
EEEAH!
YOU AND ME ARE GONNA SETTLE ACCOUNTS- YOU--
MEDDLER! NO ONE CAN STOP BARON KRUGG!
RADIUM ROOM KEEP OUT
SUDDENLY BUCKY LEADS THE OTHER YOUNG ALLIES IN!
OOF!
TAKE DOT!
LET'S GET 'EM GANG!

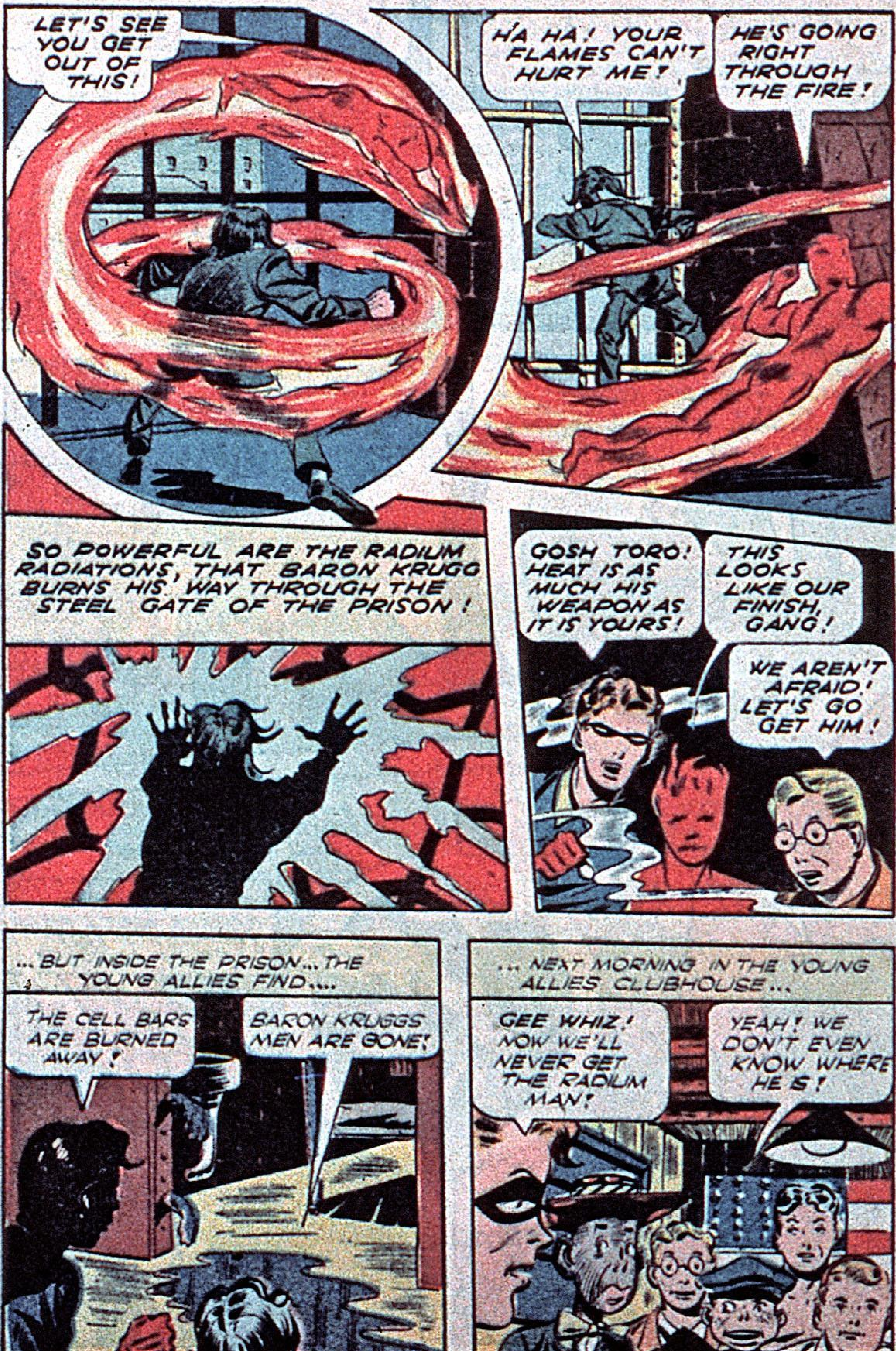

KNUCKLES! YOU OKAY? WHERE'S THEIR LEADER?
I WISH I KNEW! HE HIT ME IN THE STOMACH AGAIN!
HE'S ESCAPED!
YEAH! BUT ANYWAY, WE GOT HIS PALS!
...WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO BARON KRUGG? FOR THE ANSWER, LET US LOOK TO THE RADIUM ROOM, LONG AFTER THE OTHERS HAD GONE...
THEY NEVER THOUGHT OF LOOKING IN HERE FOR ME, HA,HA, I PROVED TO CLEVER FOR THEM!
HOURS LATER.....BARON KRUGG STUMBLES OUT OF THE RADIUM ROOM.... IN THE DARKNESS OF THE LABRATORY...HIS BODY GLOWS WITH A WEIRD GREEN LIGHT....
VOT'S DER MATTER WITH ME? PAIN IS EATING INTO MY FLESH, I FEEL I'M CHANGING!
HORRIFIED... BARON KRUGG REALIZES THE TRUTH...
THE RADIUM! IT'S ENTERED MY BODY! IT'S CHANGING ME!
I'M A LIVING DEAD MAN!

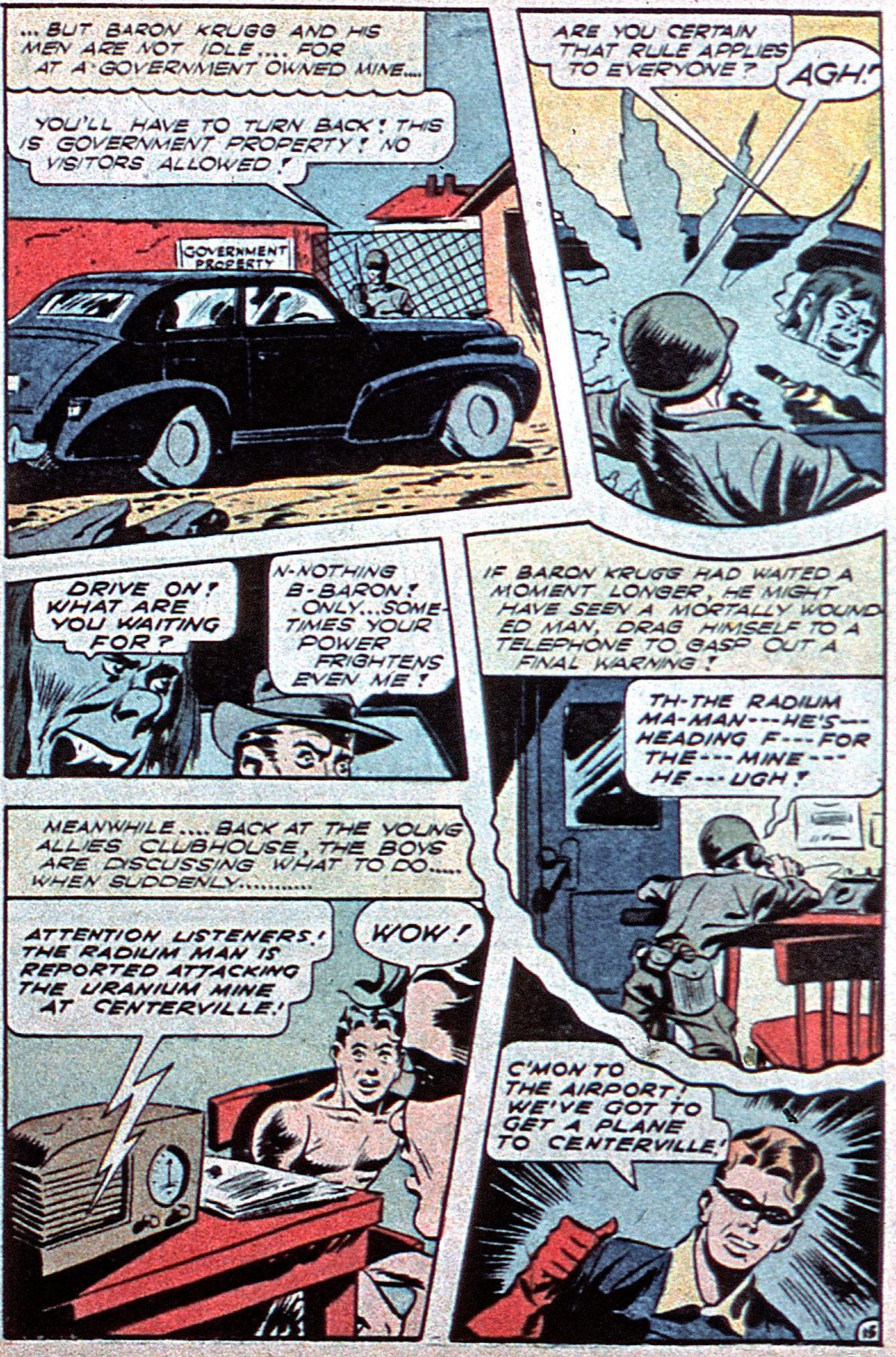

THEY DID THIS TO ME, BUT DIS ISN'T DER END! I SWEAR I VILL HAVE MY REVENGE!
I MUST GET AVAY-- NO VON MUST FIND ME, I'M NOW DER GREEN DEATH!
WHAT! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? THE DOOR WAS LOCKED!
...NEXT DAY AT THE SHIPLEY LABRATORY...
DOORS ARE NO OBSTACLE TO RADIUMS POWER DOCTOR, NOTHING CAN WITHSTAND IT! NOT EVEN YOUR LIFE!
AGGH!
...FROM A NEARBY TABLE, BARON KRUGG TAKES A PAIR OF PROTECTIVE RUBBER GLOVES....
THESE ARE WHAT I NEED, NOW I CAN CONTROL MY POWER!
10

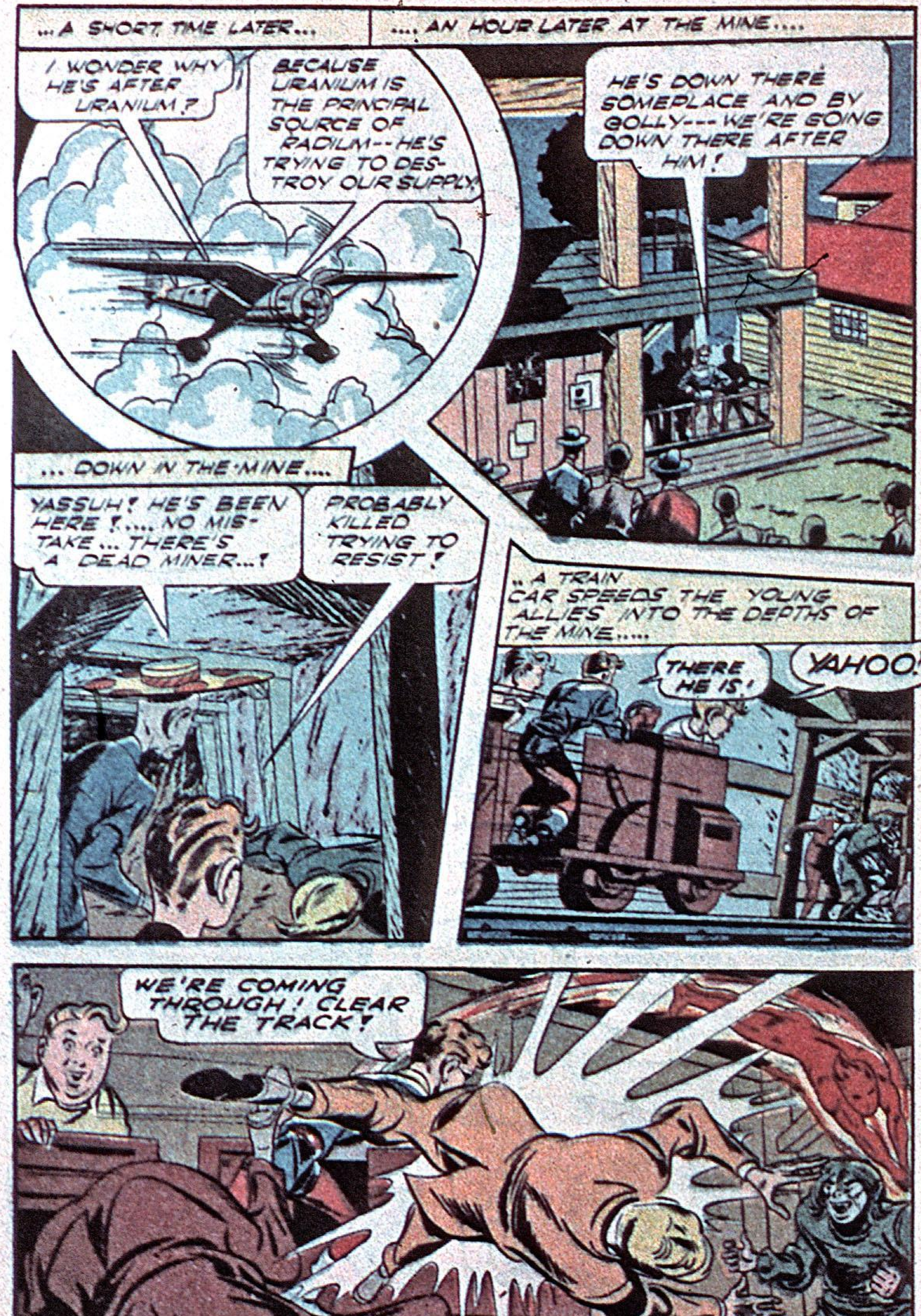

The YOUNG ALLIES
HELP! LEMME OUTA HERE!
TOUCH OF DEATH
Chapter III
SUDDENLY A GUARD ENTERS...
GREAT GLORY! THE BULLETS DON'T STOP YOU!
THEY DON'T REACH ME! THE RADIATIONS DESTROY METAL BEFORE IT CAN ENTER MY BODY!
A TOUCH OF BARON KRUGGS GLOVED HAND AND THE GUARD DIES!
NOW YOU KNOW MY SECRET---BUT I DON'T THINK YOU WILL TELL!
AGGH!

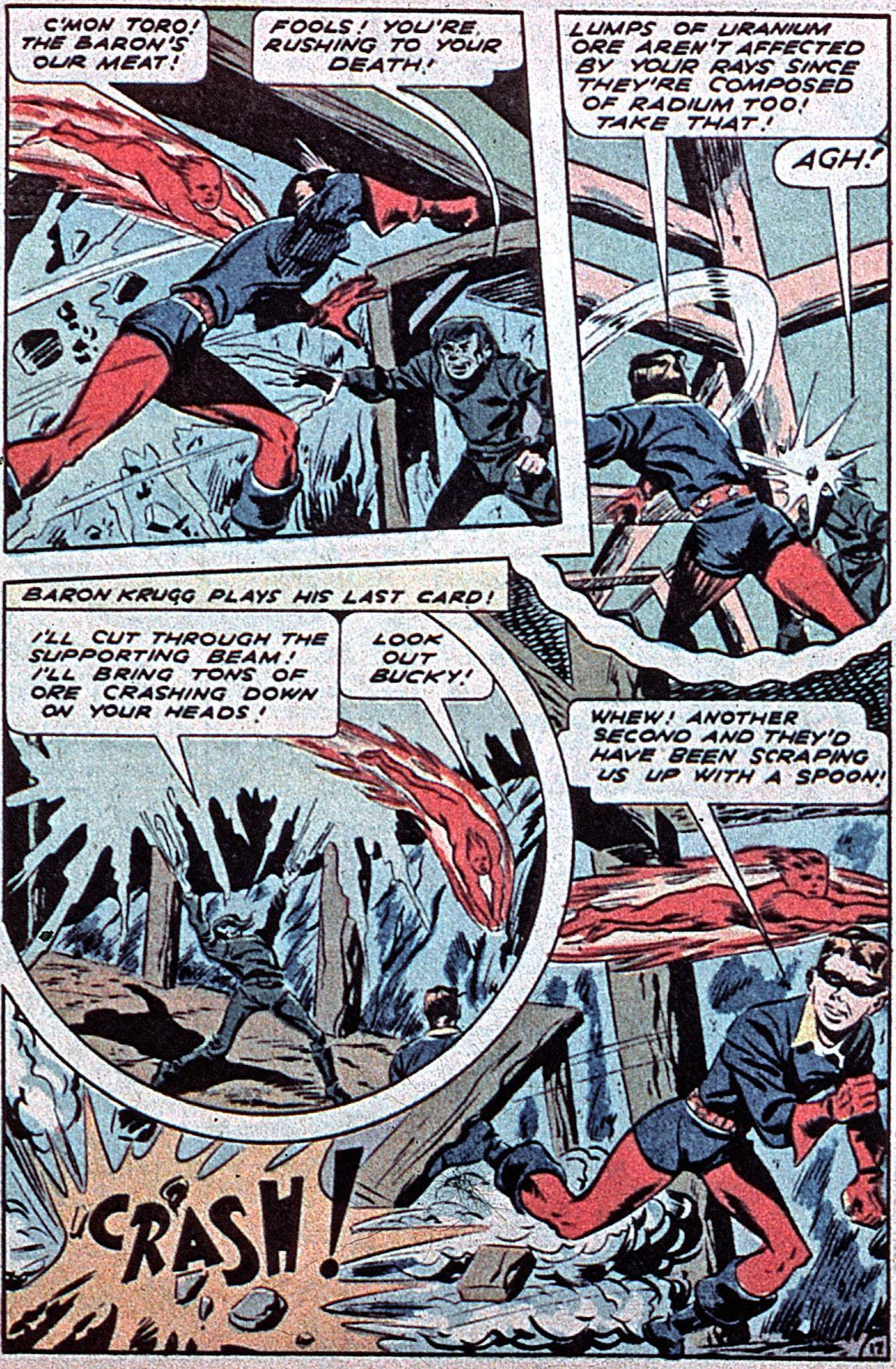

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, SCREAMING HEADLINES REPORT NEW CONQUESTS BY A HORRIBLE MENACE WHICH CANNOT BE HALTED!
RADIUM MAN STRIKES AGAIN
... AND THE F.B.I. IN WASHINGTON CONFESSES FINALLY THAT IT CANNOT STOP THE TERROR!
THESE ATTACKS DISPLAY A DEFINITE PATTERN! EACH RAID IS AIMED AT DESTROYING OUR SUPPLY OF VITAL WAR MATERIALS!
YOU MEAN THE RADIUM MAN IS A SABOTEUR? ISN'T THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO?
WE'VE DONE EVERYTHING HUMANLY POSSIBLE! THIS RADIUM MAN CANNOT BE STOPPED BY ORDINARY MEANS! I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF HE CAN EVER BE STOPPED AT ALL!
JUST THEN...
THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE HERE TO SEE YOU SIR!
SHOW THEM IN!
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
BUCKY SPEAKS FOR HIS COMRADES....
WE'VE BEEN READING THE PAPERS, SIR! WE BELIEVE THE RADIUM MAN IS BARON KRUGG! YOU REMEMBER WE CAPTURED THE REST OF HIS GANG AND TURNED THEM OVER TO YOU!
BUT WE NEVER DID CATCH THE BARON... HMM.... YOU MAY BE RIGHT...
SUPPOSE THE RADIUM MAN IS BARON KRUGG, I DON'T SEE HOW WE'RE ANY CLOSER TO CAPTURING HIM, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE HE IS!
WE CAN'T FIND HIM SIR.... BUT WE CAN MAKE HIM COME TO US!

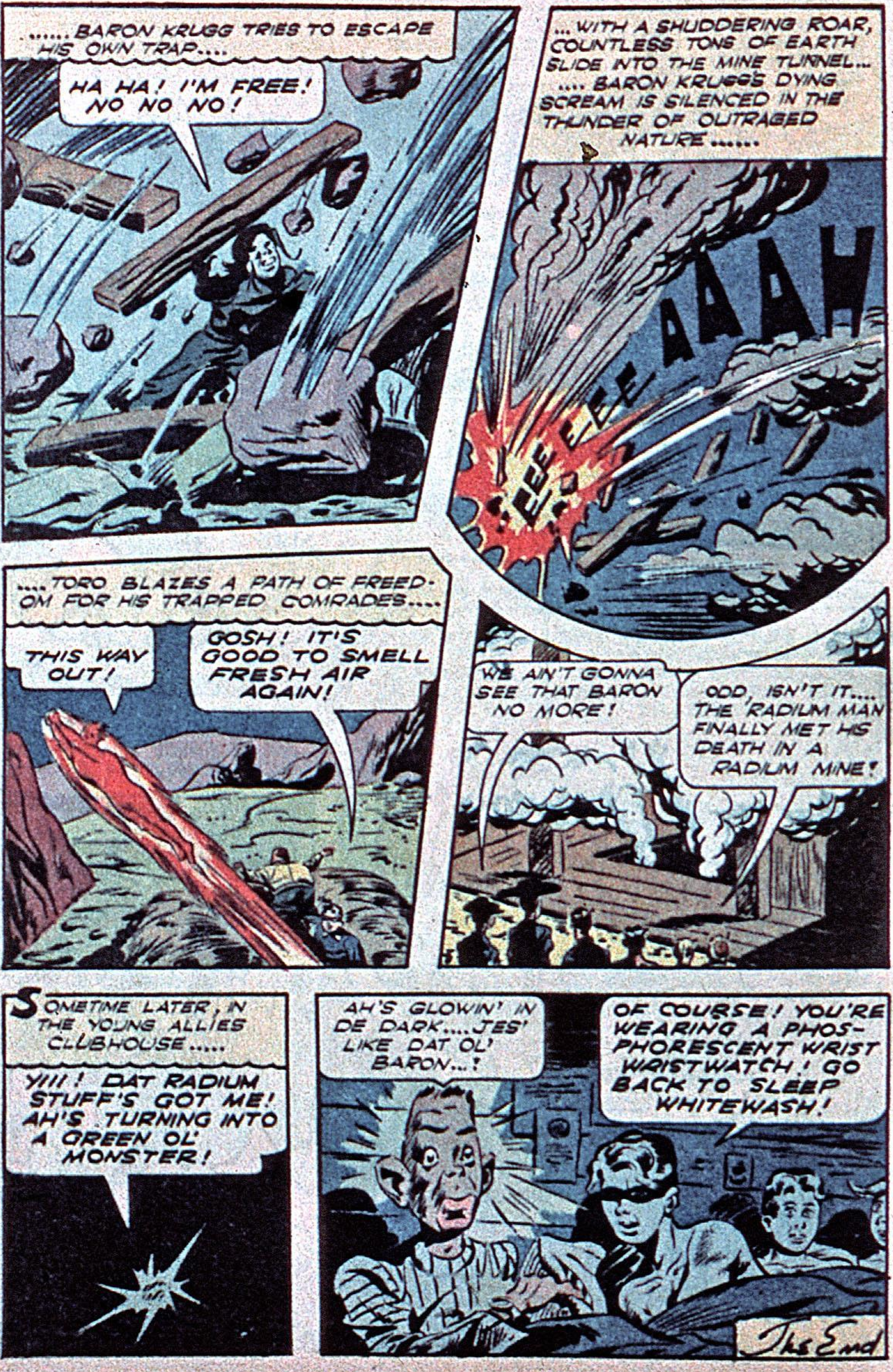

THE HENCHMEN OF BARON KRUGG ARE STILL PRISONERS! IF THE RADIUM MAN ACCIDENTALLY LEARNED WHERE THEY WERE BEING KEPT, HE MIGHT TRY TO RESCUE THEM!
BY GEORGE, IT'S WORTH A TRY!
...IN A MOMENT ARRANGEMENTS ARE COMPLETED...
EVERY NEWSPAPER WILL RUN A STORY ABOUT THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE NAZI PRISONERS! IF THE RADIUM MAN COMES FOR THEM, WE'LL BE READY!
THAT NIGHT A STRONG GUARD IS POSTED ABOUT THE FEDERAL PRISON..........
DO YOU THINK THE RADIUM MAN WILL SHOW UP?
I'M SURE HE WILL!
...THEN ON THE STEPS OF THE PRISON......
JUST A MINUTE! NO ONE IS ALLOWED INSIDE, WITHOUT A PASS!
SUDDENLY BARON KRUGG FLINGS BACK HIS PROTECTING CLOAK!
FOOL! HERE IS MY PASS!
THE RADIUM MAN!
OUT OF MY WAY!
AGGH!
...BUT THE YOUNG ALLIES HAVE HEARD THE GUARDS CRY AND TORO FLAMES INTO ACTION!
SO YOU'RE THE RADIUM MAN! WELL I'M PRETTY HOT STUFF MYSELF!
FEDERAL PRISON


LET'S SEE YOU GET OUT OF THIS!
HA HA! YOUR FLAMES CAN'T HURT ME!
HE'S GOING RIGHT THROUGH THE FIRE!
SO POWERFUL ARE THE RADIUM RADIATIONS, THAT BARON KRUGG BURNS HIS WAY THROUGH THE STEEL GATE OF THE PRISON!
GOSH TORO! HEAT IS AS MUCH HIS WEAPON AS IT IS YOURS!
THIS LOOKS LIKE OUR FINISH, GANG!
WE AREN'T AFRAID! LET'S GO GET HIM!
...BUT INSIDE THE PRISON...THE YOUNG ALLIES FIND....
THE CELL BARS ARE BURNED AWAY!
BARON KRUGGS MEN ARE GONE!
...NEXT MORNING IN THE YOUNG ALLIES CLUBHOUSE...
GEE WHIZ! NOW WE'LL NEVER GET THE RADIUM MAN!
YEAH! WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE HE IS!


...BUT BARON KRUGG AND HIS MEN ARE NOT IDLE.... FOR AT A GOVERNMENT OWNED MINE....
YOU'LL HAVE TO TURN BACK! THIS IS GOVERNMENT PROPERTY! NO VISITORS ALLOWED!
GOVERNMENT PROPERTY
ARE YOU CERTAIN THAT RULE APPLIES TO EVERYONE?
AGH!
DRIVE ON! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
N-NOTHING B-BARON! ONLY...SOMETIMES YOUR POWER FRIGHTENS EVEN ME!
IF BARON KRUGG HAD WAITED A MOMENT LONGER, HE MIGHT HAVE SEEN A MORTALLY WOUNDED MAN, DRAG HIMSELF TO A TELEPHONE TO GASP OUT A FINAL WARNING!
TH-THE RADIUM MA-MAN---HE'S---HEADING F---FOR THE---MINE---HE---UGH!
MEANWHILE.... BACK AT THE YOUNG ALLIES CLUBHOUSE, THE BOYS ARE DISCUSSING WHAT TO DO..... WHEN SUDDENLY..........
ATTENTION LISTENERS! THE RADIUM MAN IS REPORTED ATTACKING THE URANIUM MINE AT CENTERVILLE!
WOW!
C'MON TO THE AIRPORT! WE'VE GOT TO GET A PLANE TO CENTERVILLE!


...A SHORT TIME LATER...
I WONDER WHY HE'S AFTER URANIUM?
BECAUSE URANIUM IS THE PRINCIPAL SOURCE OF RADIUM--HE'S TRYING TO DESTROY OUR SUPPLY!
....AN HOUR LATER AT THE MINE....
HE'S DOWN THERE SOMEPLACE AND BY GOLLY--- WE'RE GOING DOWN THERE AFTER HIM!
...DOWN IN THE MINE....
YASSUH! HE'S BEEN HERE!.....NO MISTAKE...THERE'S A DEAD MINER...!
PROBABLY KILLED TRYING TO RESIST!
...A TRAIN CAR SPEEDS THE YOUNG ALLIES INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE MINE.....
THERE HE IS!
YAHOO!
WE'RE COMING THROUGH! CLEAR THE TRACK!


C'MON TORO! THE BARON'S OUR MEAT!
FOOLS! YOU'RE RUSHING TO YOUR DEATH!
LUMPS OF URANIUM ORE AREN'T AFFECTED BY YOUR RAYS SINCE THEY'RE COMPOSED OF RADIUM TOO! TAKE THAT!
AGH!
BARON KRUGG PLAYS HIS LAST CARD!
I'LL CUT THROUGH THE SUPPORTING BEAM! I'LL BRING TONS OF ORE CRASHING DOWN ON YOUR HEADS!
LOOK OUT BUCKY!
WHEW! ANOTHER SECOND AND THEY'D HAVE BEEN SCRAPING US UP WITH A SPOON!
CRASH!


......BARON KRUGG TRIES TO ESCAPE HIS OWN TRAP....
HA HA! I'M FREE! NO NO NO!
...WITH A SHUDDERING ROAR, COUNTLESS TONS OF EARTH SLIDE INTO THE MINE TUNNEL... ....BARON KRUGG'S DYING SCREAM IS SILENCED IN THE THUNDER OF OUTRAGED NATURE......
EEEEEEEEAAAH
....TORO BLAZES A PATH OF FREEDOM FOR HIS TRAPPED COMRADES....
THIS WAY OUT!
GOSH! IT'S GOOD TO SMELL FRESH AIR AGAIN!
WE AIN'T GONNA SEE THAT BARON NO MORE!
ODD, ISN'T IT.... THE RADIUM MAN FINALLY MET HIS DEATH IN A RADIUM MINE!
SOMETIME LATER, IN THE YOUNG ALLIES CLUBHOUSE.....
YIII! DAT RADIUM STUFF'S GOT ME! AH'S TURNING INTO A GREEN OL' MONSTER!
AH'S GLOWIN' IN DE DARK....JES' LIKE DAT OL' BARON...!
OF COURSE! YOU'RE WEARING A PHOSPHORESCENT WRIST WRISTWATCH! GO BACK TO SLEEP WHITEWASH!
The End

TEEN-AGE GIRLS!!! Enter the MISS America MAGAZINE Contest!!

$1000 in Cash Prizes

ANYONE CAN WIN!

Thrilling news . . . The Publisher of CAPTAIN AMERICA, MARVEL COMICS, THE HUMAN TORCH, TERRY TOONS, SUBMARINER, and many, many other exciting magazines, including the glamorous SCREEN STARS, is making magazine history with his newest, most important publication—MISS AMERICA.

Girls, DON'T MISS the MOST WONDERFUL MAGAZINE ever to hit the newsstands; it is a magazine FOR GIRLS ONLY—teen-age girls.

It is the magazine you have been waiting for, longing for.

WHAT ARE SOME OF THE FEATURES IN MISS AMERICA? HOLD YOUR BREATH!

COMICS!
BEAUTY!
MOVIES!
STORIES!
GLAMOR!
FASHIONS!

AND MANY OTHER UP-TO-THE-MINUTE ARTICLES OF VITAL INTEREST TO TEEN-AGE GIRLS.

A word to the boys . . Show this ad to your sister . .

DON'T miss MISS AMERICA. She will help you become lovely, suggest ways to improve your personality, help you to overcome self-consciousness, tell you how to have fun at parties, what to serve; MISS AMERICA will make you CHUCKLE, make you THINK . . . MISS AMERICA and her brilliant staff of writers will help you solve your problems . . .

Just think—COMICS, FICTION, FASHIONS, FUN, MOVIES, GLAMOR, etc., featured in ONE MAGAZINE.

AND—in addition—MISS AMERICA is offering $1,000 in CASH PRIZES! For details of this unusual contest, BE SURE TO GET THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF MISS AMERICA on sale beginning September 10th. Don't miss this opportunity to WIN CASH and ENJOY THE UTMOST IN MAGAZINE ENTERTAINMENT . . .

An important message to the BOYS and GIRLS of AMERICA!

from GENERAL ARNOLD

COMMANDING GENERAL
U.S. ARMY
AIR FORCES

WAR DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON

We of the armed forces urge every young man and woman of pre-military age who has been filling a summer war job to return to school this autumn. Such work is important, but your education has top priority. You will serve your country best by making the most of your education opportunities, for this is not only a brave man's war--it is also a smart man's war.

If you plan to enter military service, you will find that a good education offers the best assurance of progress and recognition. In all branches of service, we need trained leaders, engineers, scientists and specialists. And in the years to follow victory we will need them even more, as our nation charts its progress in the post-war world.

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

H H Arnold

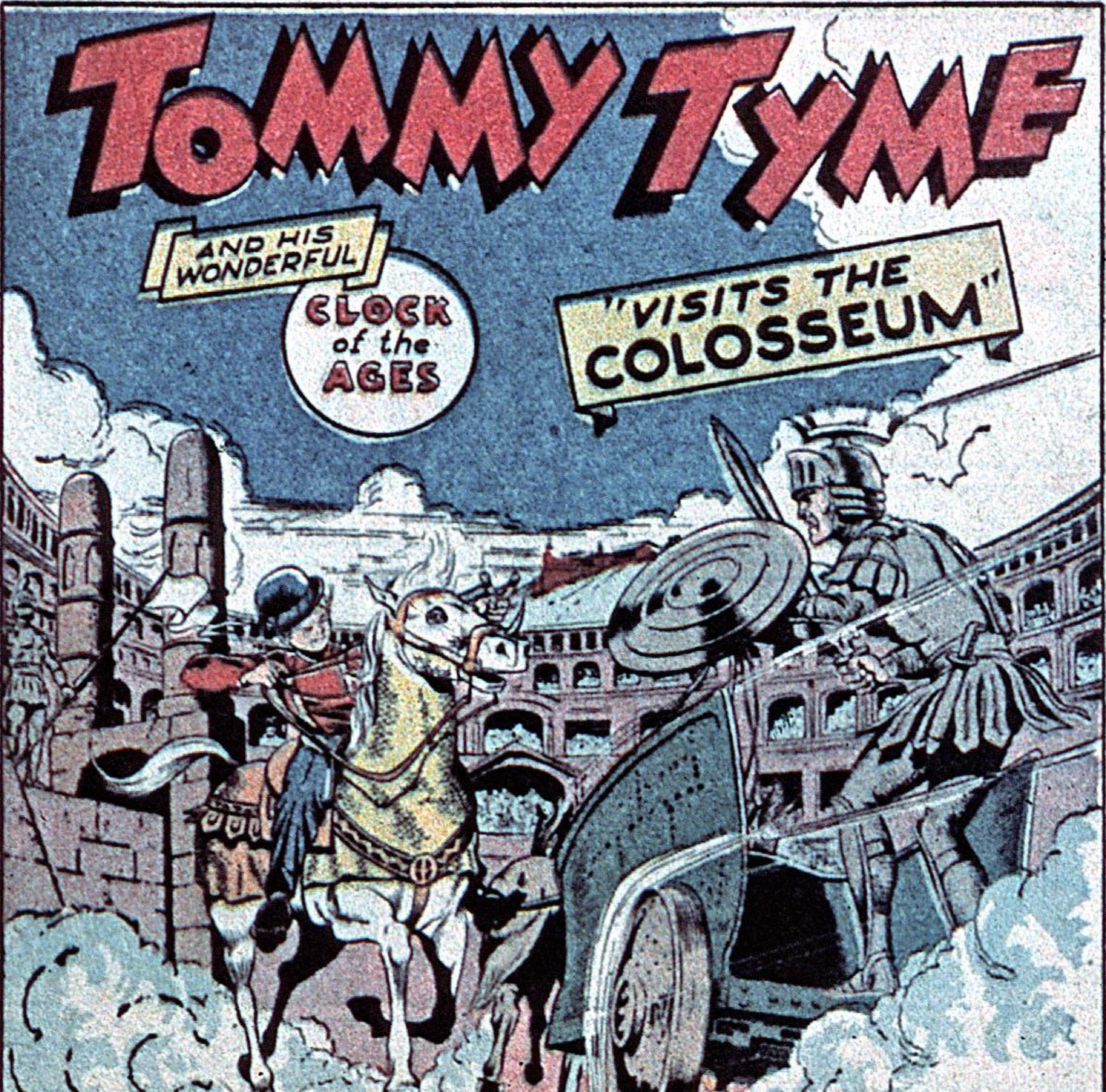
H. H. ARNOLD,
General, U. S. Army,
Commanding General, Army Air Forces.

(Prepared in cooperation with the Office of War Information and published in the interest of the NATIONAL GO-TO-SCHOOL DRIVE, sponsored by the Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor, and the U. S. Office of Education, Federal Security Agency.)

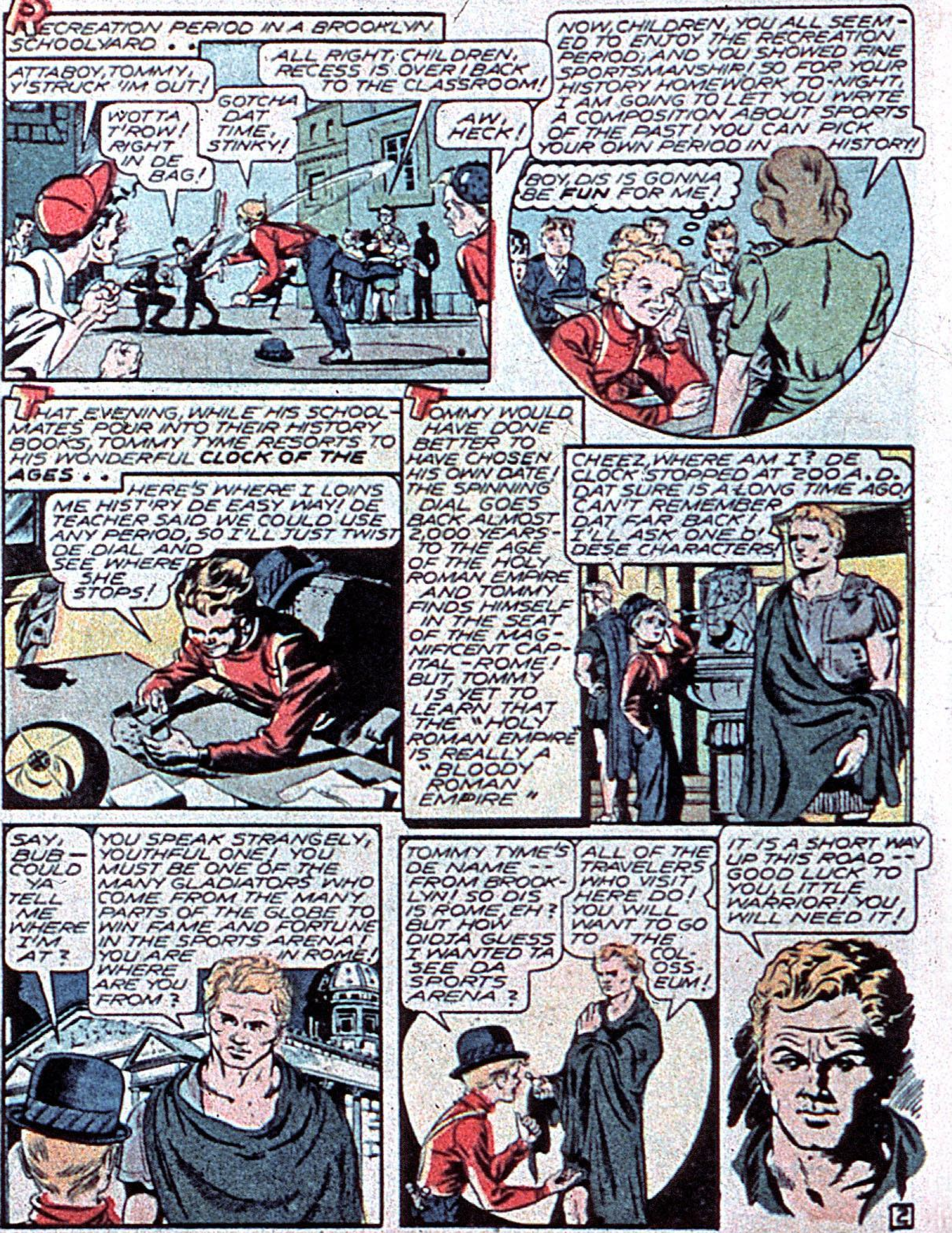
TOMMY TYME

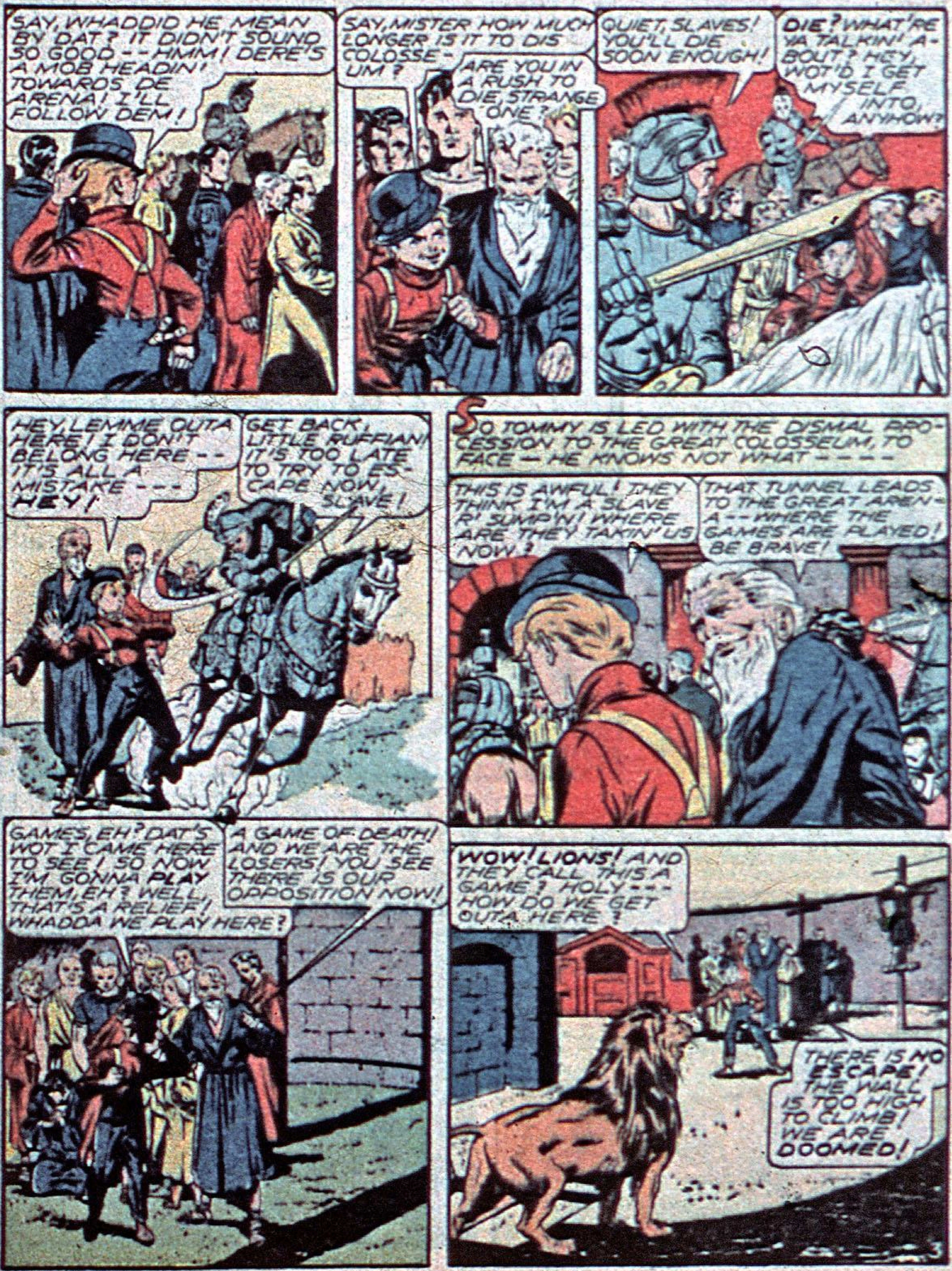
AND HIS WONDERFUL CLOCK of the AGES

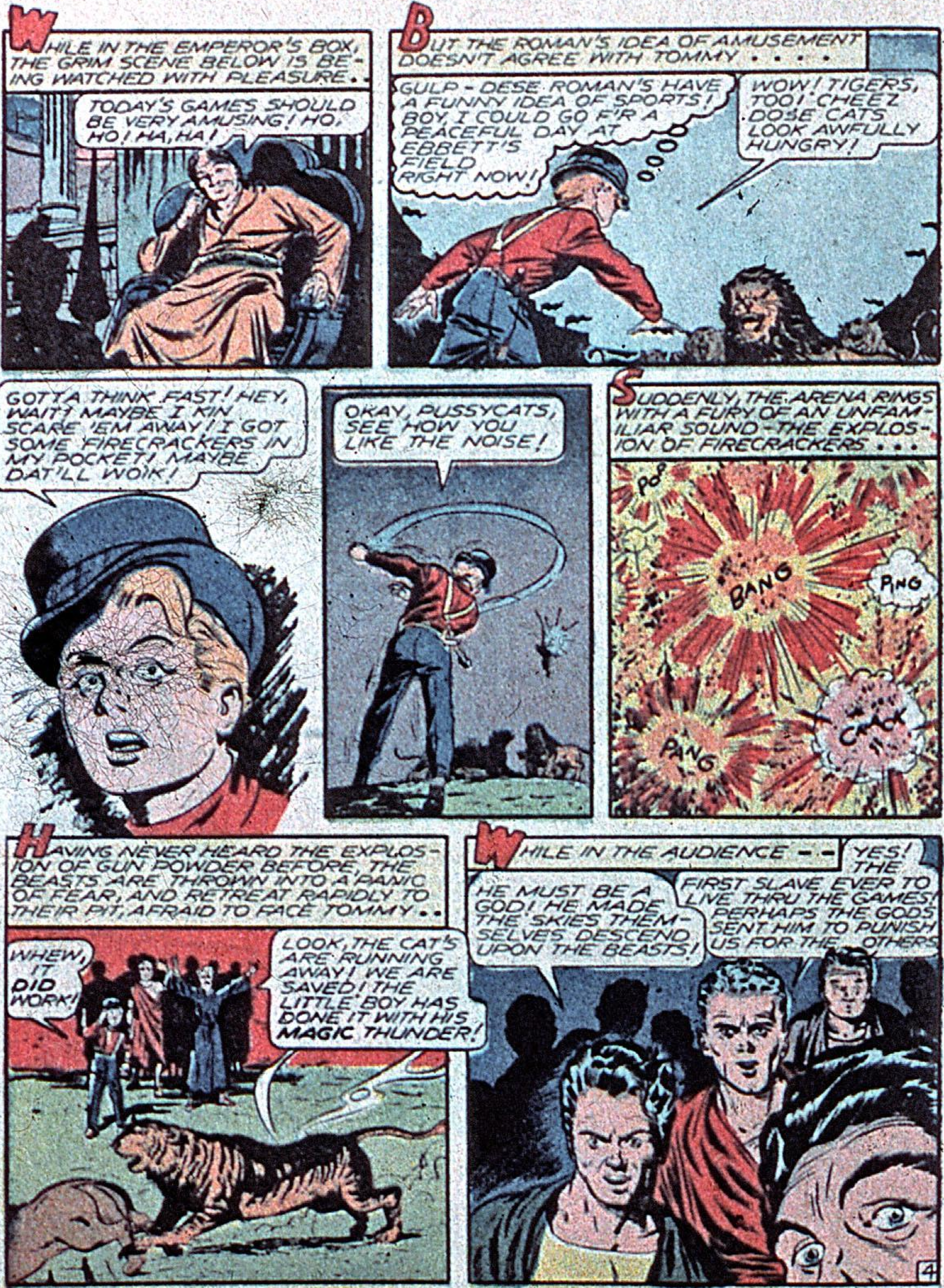
"VISITS THE COLOSSEUM"

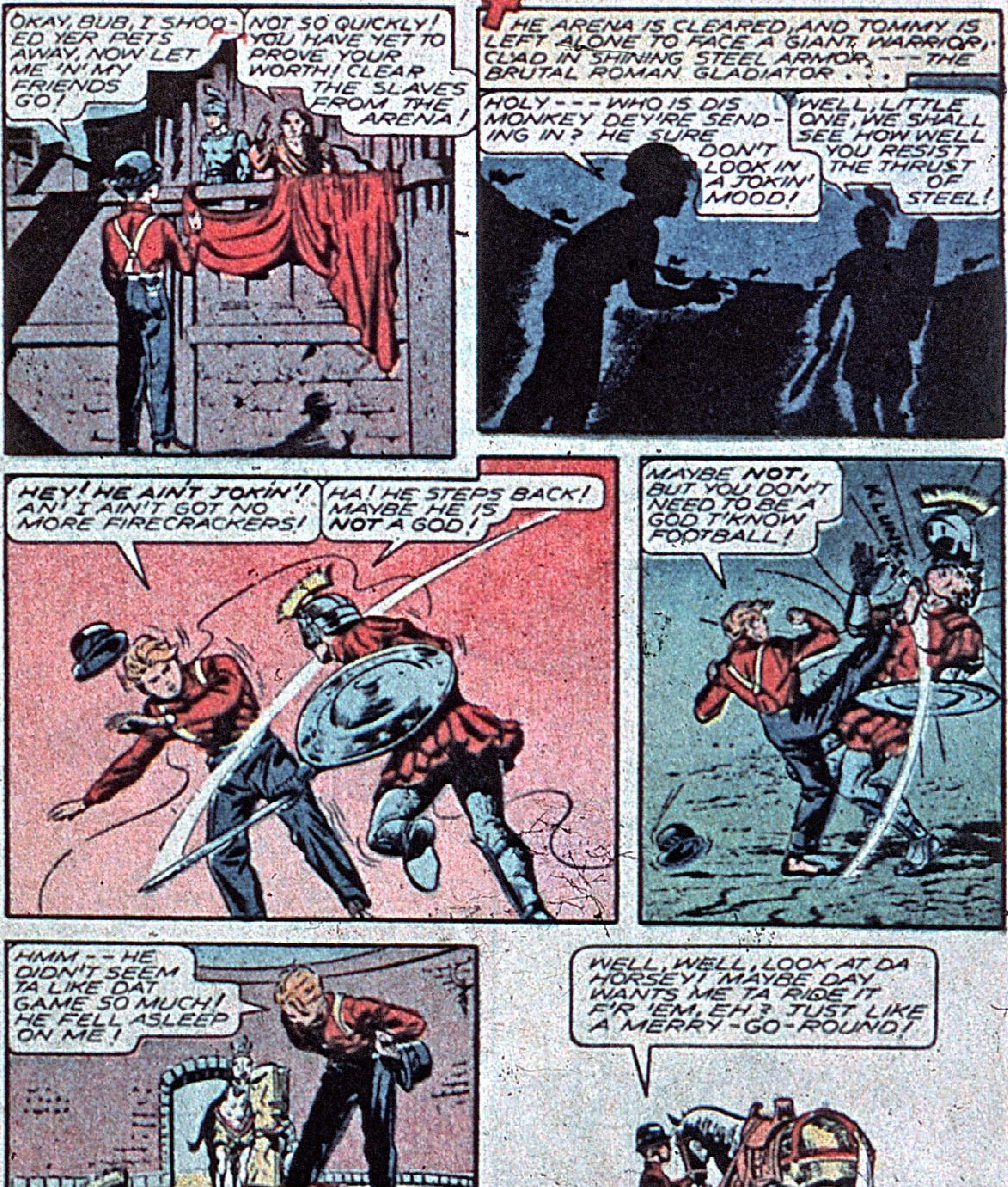


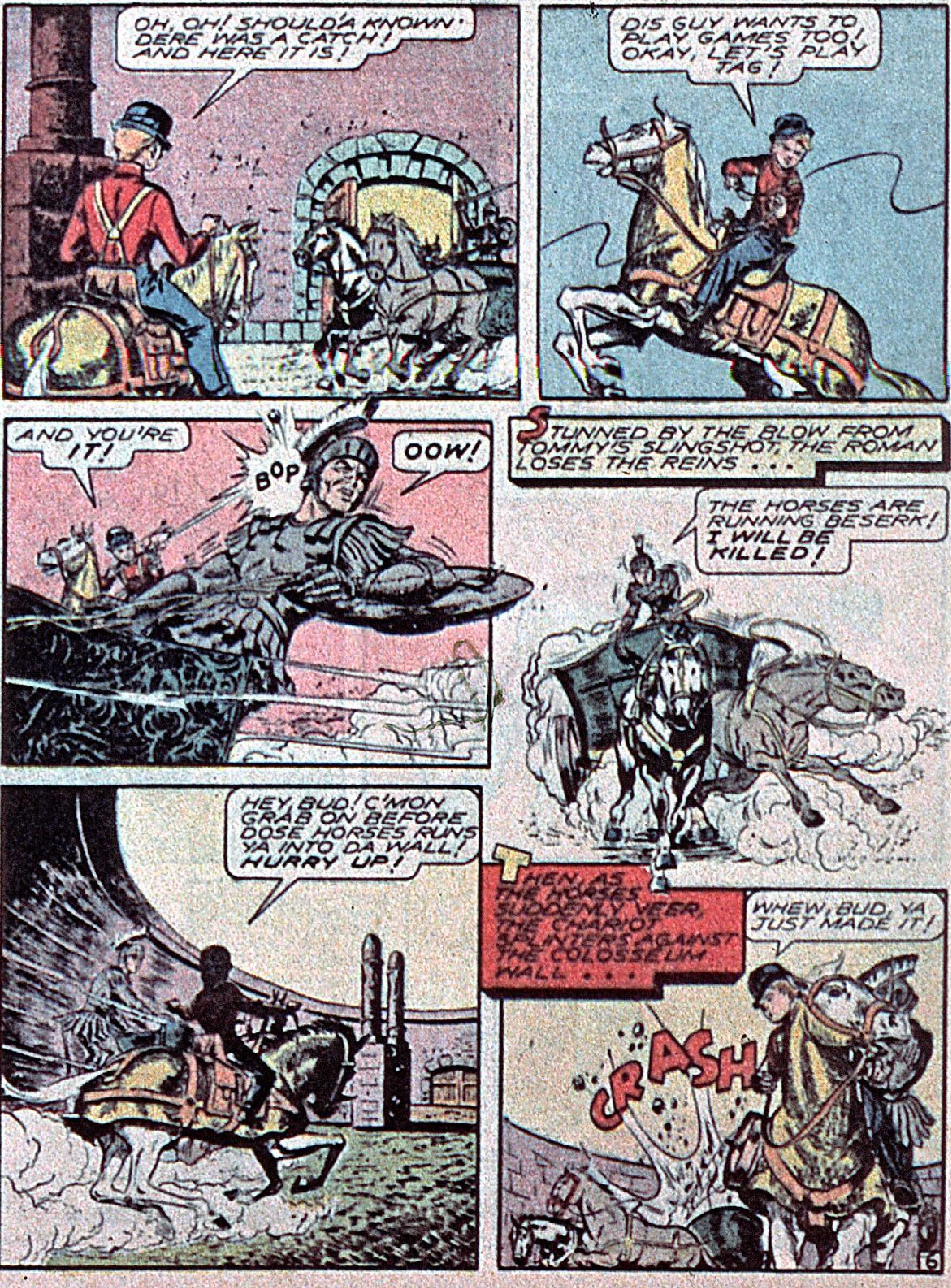
THERE WAS A DAY WHEN MURDER WAS NOT A CRIME, BUT A MEANS OF AMUSEMENT! THERE WERE NO MOVIES, NO PUBLIC THEATRES, NO RADIO, NO COMICS! BUT THE POPULACE HAD ANOTHER SOURCE OF ENTERTAINMENT! FOR THIS WAS THE DAY OF THE GREAT ROMAN EMPIRE, AND FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF THE BLOOD-THIRSTY PEOPLE, A TREMENDOUS ARENA WAS ERECTED WHEREIN WERE HELD THE MOST MURDEROUS SPECTACLES IMAGINEABLE! GREAT WARRIORS FROM FAR AND WIDE, WHO CALLED THEMSELVES GLADIATORS, CAME TO THE GIANT ARENA TO PARTAKE IN THE BLOODY GAMES! BUT GAMES WERE PLAYED FOR HIGH STAKES—AND DEATH WAS THE PENALTY FOR DEFEAT! INTO THIS SOMBRE SETTING STEPS **TOMMY TYME** FROM **BROOKLYN**, WHO, WITH THE AID OF HIS WONDERFUL **CLOCK OF THE AGES**, CAN EXPLORE INTO THE PAST—TO SEE WHAT HISTORY IS REALLY MADE OF! AND HE GETS HIS SHARE OF SIGHT-SEEING **"AT THE COLOSSEUM"**!

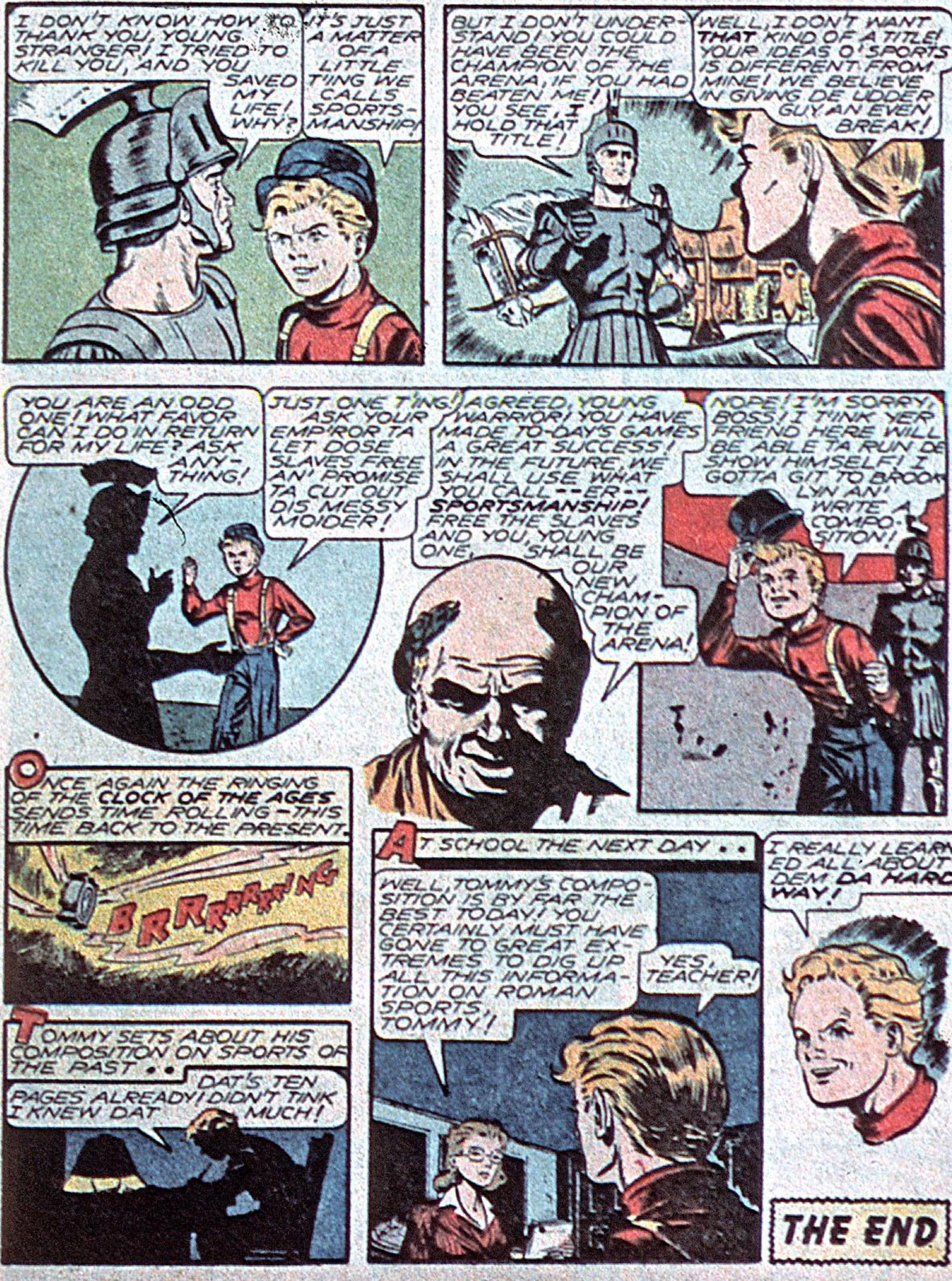

RECREATION PERIOD IN A BROOKLYN SCHOOLYARD . .
ATTABOY, TOMMY, Y'STRUCK 'IM OUT!
WOTTA T'ROW! RIGHT IN DE BAG!
GOTCHA DAT TIME, STINKY!
ALL RIGHT, CHILDREN, RECESS IS OVER! BACK TO THE CLASSROOM!
AW, HECK!
NOW, CHILDREN, YOU ALL SEEMED TO ENJOY THE RECREATION PERIOD; AND YOU SHOWED FINE SPORTSMANSHIP! SO FOR YOUR HISTORY HOMEWORK TO-NIGHT, I AM GOING TO LET YOU WRITE A COMPOSITION ABOUT SPORTS OF THE PAST! YOU CAN PICK YOUR OWN PERIOD IN HISTORY!
BOY, DIS IS GONNA BE **FUN** FOR ME!
THAT EVENING, WHILE HIS SCHOOLMATES POUR INTO THEIR HISTORY BOOKS, TOMMY TYME RESORTS TO HIS WONDERFUL **CLOCK OF THE AGES** . .
HERE'S WHERE I LOINS ME HIST'RY DE EASY WAY! DE TEACHER SAID WE COULD USE ANY PERIOD, SO I'LL JUST TWIST DE DIAL AND SEE WHERE SHE STOPS!
TOMMY WOULD HAVE DONE BETTER TO HAVE CHOSEN HIS OWN DATE! THE SPINNING DIAL GOES BACK ALMOST 2,000 YEARS -- TO THE AGE OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE AND TOMMY FINDS HIMSELF IN THE SEAT OF THE MAGNIFICENT CAPITAL -- ROME! BUT, TOMMY IS YET TO LEARN THAT THE "HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE" IS REALLY A "BLOODY ROMAN EMPIRE"
CHEEZ, WHERE AM I? DE CLOCK STOPPED AT 200 A.D. DAT SURE IS A LONG TIME AGO! CAN'T REMEMBER DAT FAR BACK! I'LL ASK ONE O' DESE CHARACTERS!
SAY, BUB -- COULD YA TELL ME WHERE I'M AT?
YOU SPEAK STRANGELY, YOUTHFUL ONE! YOU MUST BE ONE OF THE MANY GLADIATORS WHO COME FROM THE MANY PARTS OF THE GLOBE TO WIN FAME AND FORTUNE IN THE SPORTS ARENA! YOU ARE IN ROME! WHERE ARE YOU FROM?
TOMMY TYME'S DE NAME -- FROM BROOKLYN! SO DIS IS ROME, EH? BUT HOW DIDJA GUESS I WANTED TA SEE DA SPORTS ARENA?
ALL OF THE TRAVELERS WHO VISIT HERE DO! YOU WILL WANT TO GO TO THE COLOSSEUM!
IT IS A SHORT WAY UP THIS ROAD -- GOOD LUCK TO YOU, LITTLE WARRIOR! YOU WILL NEED IT!
2

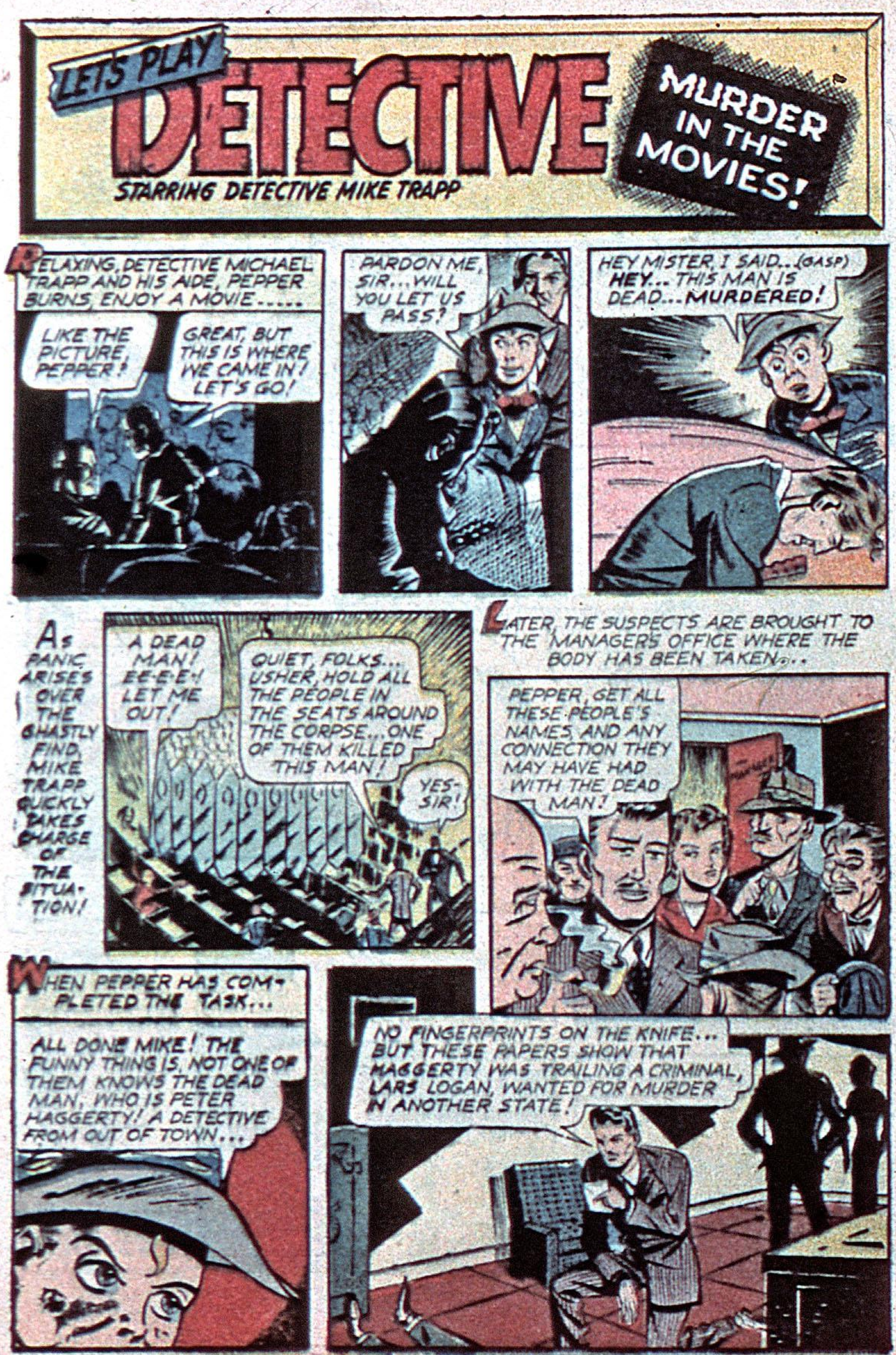

SAY, WHADDID HE MEAN BY DAT? IT DIDN'T SOUND SO GOOD -- HMM! DERE'S A MOB HEADIN' TOWARDS DE ARENA! I'LL FOLLOW DEM!
SAY, MISTER HOW MUCH LONGER IS IT TO DIS COLOSSEUM?
ARE YOU IN A RUSH TO DIE, STRANGE ONE?
QUIET, SLAVES! YOU'LL DIE SOON ENOUGH!
DIE? WHAT'RE YA TALKIN' ABOUT? HEY, WOT'D I GET MYSELF INTO, ANYHOW?
HEY, LEMME OUTA HERE! I DON'T BELONG HERE -- IT'S ALL A MISTAKE --- HEY!
GET BACK, LITTLE RUFFIAN! IT'S TOO LATE TO TRY TO ESCAPE NOW, SLAVE!
SO TOMMY IS LED WITH THE DISMAL PROCESSION TO THE GREAT COLOSSEUM, TO FACE — HE KNOWS NOT WHAT ----
THIS IS AWFUL! THEY THINK I'M A SLAVE R' SUMP'N! WHERE ARE THEY TAKIN' US NOW?
THAT TUNNEL LEADS TO THE GREAT ARENA -- WHERE THE GAMES ARE PLAYED! BE BRAVE!
GAMES, EH? DAT'S WOT I CAME HERE TO SEE! SO NOW I'M GONNA PLAY THEM, EH? WELL, THAT'S A RELIEF! WHADDA WE PLAY HERE?
A GAME OF DEATH! AND WE ARE THE LOSERS! YOU SEE THERE IS OUR OPPOSITION NOW!
WOW! LIONS! AND THEY CALL THIS A GAME? HOLY--- HOW DO WE GET OUTA HERE?
THERE IS NO ESCAPE! THE WALL IS TOO HIGH TO CLIMB! WE ARE DOOMED!

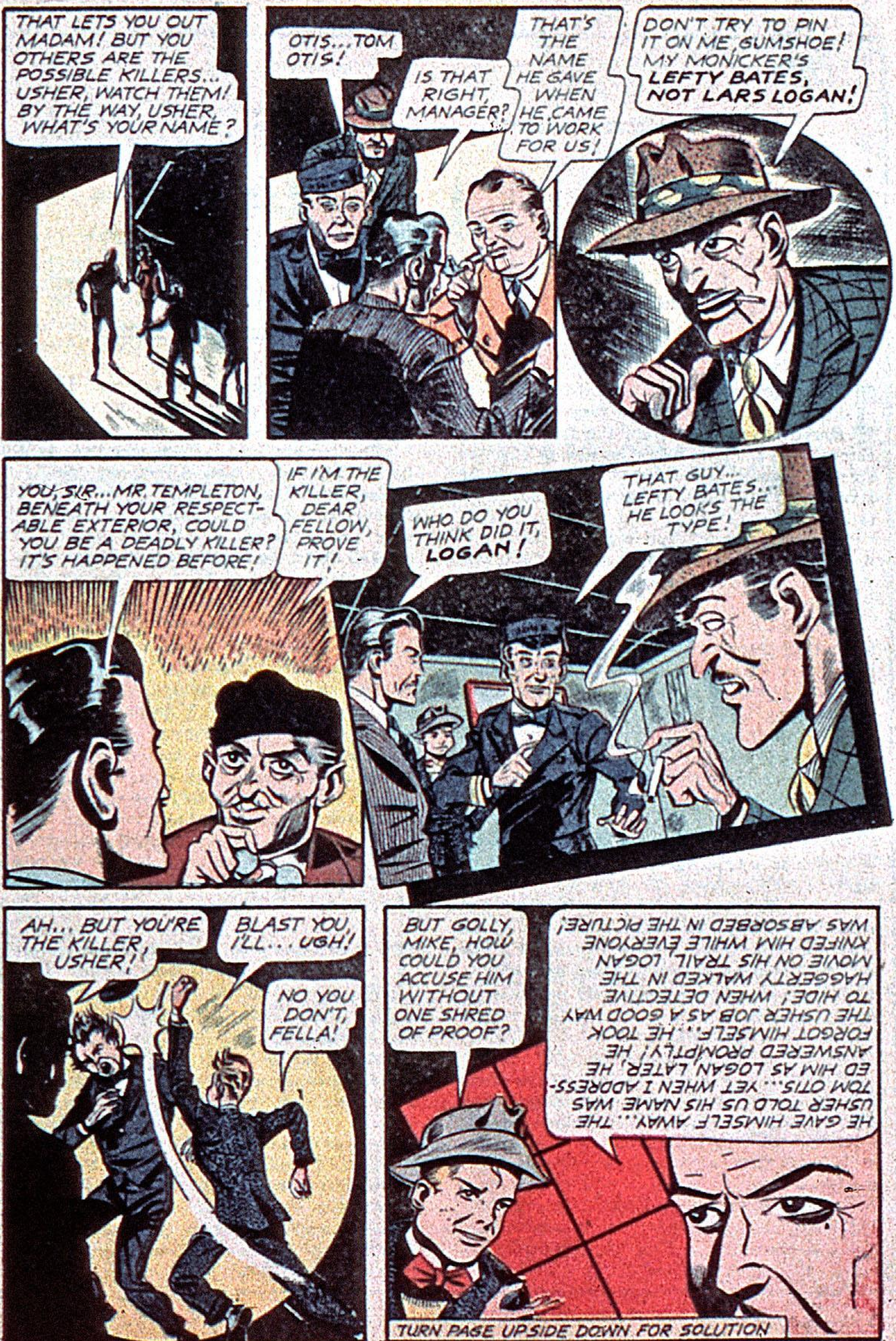

WHILE IN THE EMPEROR'S BOX, THE GRIM SCENE BELOW IS BEING WATCHED WITH PLEASURE.
TODAY'S GAMES SHOULD BE VERY AMUSING! HO, HO! HA, HA!
BUT THE ROMAN'S IDEA OF AMUSEMENT DOESN'T AGREE WITH TOMMY . . . .
GULP - DESE ROMAN'S HAVE A FUNNY IDEA OF SPORTS! BOY, I COULD GO F'R A PEACEFUL DAY AT EBBETT'S FIELD RIGHT NOW!
WOW! TIGERS, TOO! CHEEZ DOSE CATS LOOK AWFULLY HUNGRY!
GOTTA THINK FAST! HEY, WAIT! MAYBE I KIN SCARE 'EM AWAY! I GOT SOME FIRECRACKERS IN MY POCKET! MAYBE DAT'LL WOIK!
OKAY, PUSSYCATS, SEE HOW YOU LIKE THE NOISE!
SUDDENLY, THE ARENA RINGS WITH A FURY OF AN UNFAMILIAR SOUND - THE EXPLOSION OF FIRECRACKERS . . .
POP
BANG
PING
PANG
CRACK
HAVING NEVER HEARD THE EXPLOSION OF GUN POWDER BEFORE, THE BEASTS ARE THROWN INTO A PANIC OF FEAR, AND RETREAT RAPIDLY TO THEIR PIT, AFRAID TO FACE TOMMY . .
WHEW, IT DID WORK!
LOOK, THE CAT'S ARE RUNNING AWAY! WE ARE SAVED! THE LITTLE BOY HAS DONE IT WITH HIS MAGIC THUNDER!
WHILE IN THE AUDIENCE - -
HE MUST BE A GOD! HE MADE THE SKIES THEMSELVES DESCEND UPON THE BEASTS!
YES! THE FIRST SLAVE EVER TO LIVE THRU THE GAMES! PERHAPS THE GODS SENT HIM TO PUNISH US FOR THE OTHERS
4


OKAY, BUB, I SHOO-ED YER PETS AWAY. NOW LET ME 'N' MY FRIENDS GO!
NOT SO QUICKLY! YOU HAVE YET TO PROVE YOUR WORTH! CLEAR THE SLAVES FROM THE ARENA!
THE ARENA IS CLEARED, AND TOMMY IS LEFT ALONE TO FACE A GIANT WARRIOR, CLAD IN SHINING STEEL ARMOR, --- THE BRUTAL ROMAN GLADIATOR . . .
HOLY --- WHO IS DIS MONKEY DEY'RE SENDING IN? HE SURE DON'T LOOK IN A JOKIN' MOOD!
WELL, LITTLE ONE, WE SHALL SEE HOW WELL YOU RESIST THE THRUST OF STEEL!
HEY! HE AIN'T JOKIN'! AN' I AIN'T GOT NO MORE FIRECRACKERS!
HA! HE STEPS BACK! MAYBE HE IS NOT A GOD!
MAYBE NOT, BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO BE A GOD T'KNOW FOOTBALL!
KLUNK!
HMM -- HE DIDN'T SEEM TA LIKE DAT GAME SO MUCH! HE FELL ASLEEP ON ME!
WELL, WELL, LOOK AT DA HORSEY! MAYBE DAY WANTS ME TA RIDE IT F'R 'EM, EH? JUST LIKE A MERRY-GO-ROUND!


OH, OH! SHOULD'A KNOWN DERE WAS A CATCH! AND HERE IT IS!
DIS GUY WANTS TO PLAY GAMES TOO! OKAY, LET'S PLAY TAG!
AND YOU'RE IT!
BOP
OOW!
STUNNED BY THE BLOW FROM TOMMY'S SLINGSHOT, THE ROMAN LOSES THE REINS . . .
THE HORSES ARE RUNNING BESERK! I WILL BE KILLED!
HEY, BUD! C'MON GRAB ON BEFORE DOSE HORSES RUNS YA INTO DA WALL! HURRY UP!
THEN, AS THE HORSES SUDDENLY VEER, THE CHARIOT SPLINTERS AGAINST THE COLOSSEUM WALL . . .
WHEW, BUD, YA JUST MADE IT!
CRASH


I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, YOUNG STRANGER! I TRIED TO KILL YOU, AND YOU SAVED MY LIFE! WHY?
IT'S JUST A MATTER OF A LITTLE T'ING WE CALLS SPORTSMANSHIP!
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU COULD HAVE BEEN THE CHAMPION OF THE ARENA, IF YOU HAD BEATEN ME! YOU SEE, I HOLD THAT TITLE!
WELL, I DON'T WANT THAT KIND OF A TITLE! YOUR IDEAS O' SPORTS IS DIFFERENT FROM MINE! WE BELIEVE IN GIVING DE UDDER GUY AN EVEN BREAK!
YOU ARE AN ODD ONE! WHAT FAVOR CAN I DO IN RETURN FOR MY LIFE? ASK ANYTHING!
JUST ONE T'ING! ASK YOUR EMP'ROR TA LET DOSE SLAVES FREE AN' PROMISE TA CUT OUT DIS MESSY MOIDER!
AGREED, YOUNG WARRIOR! YOU HAVE MADE TO-DAY'S GAMES A GREAT SUCCESS! IN THE FUTURE, WE SHALL USE WHAT YOU CALL--ER-- SPORTSMANSHIP! FREE THE SLAVES AND YOU, YOUNG ONE, SHALL BE OUR NEW CHAMPION OF THE ARENA!
NOPE! I'M SORRY, BOSS! I T'INK YER FRIEND HERE WILL BE ABLE TA RUN DE SHOW HIMSELF! I GOTTA GIT TO BROOKLYN AN' WRITE A COMPOSITION!
ONCE AGAIN THE RINGING OF THE CLOCK OF THE AGES SENDS TIME ROLLING—THIS TIME BACK TO THE PRESENT.
BRRRRRRRING
TOMMY SETS ABOUT HIS COMPOSITION ON SPORTS OF THE PAST • •
DAT'S TEN PAGES ALREADY! DIDN'T TINK I KNEW DAT MUCH!
AT SCHOOL THE NEXT DAY • •
WELL, TOMMY'S COMPOSITION IS BY FAR THE BEST TODAY! YOU CERTAINLY MUST HAVE GONE TO GREAT EXTREMES TO DIG UP ALL THIS INFORMATION ON ROMAN SPORTS, TOMMY!
YES, TEACHER!
I REALLY LEARNED ALL ABOUT DEM DA HARD WAY!
THE END


LET'S PLAY
DETECTIVE
STARRING DETECTIVE MIKE TRAPP
MURDER IN THE MOVIES!
RELAXING, DETECTIVE MICHAEL TRAPP AND HIS AIDE, PEPPER BURNS, ENJOY A MOVIE.....
LIKE THE PICTURE, PEPPER?
GREAT, BUT THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN! LET'S GO!
PARDON ME, SIR... WILL YOU LET US PASS?
HEY MISTER, I SAID...(GASP) HEY... THIS MAN IS DEAD... MURDERED!
AS PANIC ARISES OVER THE GHASTLY FIND, MIKE TRAPP QUICKLY TAKES CHARGE OF THE SITUATION!
A DEAD MAN! EE-E-E-! LET ME OUT!
QUIET, FOLKS... USHER, HOLD ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE SEATS AROUND THE CORPSE... ONE OF THEM KILLED THIS MAN!
YES-SIR!
LATER, THE SUSPECTS ARE BROUGHT TO THE MANAGER'S OFFICE WHERE THE BODY HAS BEEN TAKEN...
PEPPER, GET ALL THESE PEOPLE'S NAMES, AND ANY CONNECTION THEY MAY HAVE HAD WITH THE DEAD MAN!
WHEN PEPPER HAS COMPLETED THE TASK...
ALL DONE MIKE! THE FUNNY THING IS, NOT ONE OF THEM KNOWS THE DEAD MAN, WHO IS PETER HAGGERTY! A DETECTIVE FROM OUT OF TOWN...
NO FINGERPRINTS ON THE KNIFE... BUT THESE PAPERS SHOW THAT HAGGERTY WAS TRAILING A CRIMINAL, LARS LOGAN, WANTED FOR MURDER IN ANOTHER STATE!


THAT LETS YOU OUT MADAM! BUT YOU OTHERS ARE THE POSSIBLE KILLERS... USHER, WATCH THEM! BY THE WAY, USHER, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
OTIS... TOM OTIS!
IS THAT RIGHT, MANAGER?
THAT'S THE NAME HE GAVE WHEN HE CAME TO WORK FOR US!
DON'T TRY TO PIN IT ON ME, GUMSHOE! MY MONICKER'S **LEFTY BATES, NOT LARS LOGAN!**
YOU, SIR... MR. TEMPLETON, BENEATH YOUR RESPECTABLE EXTERIOR, COULD YOU BE A DEADLY KILLER? IT'S HAPPENED BEFORE!
IF I'M THE KILLER, DEAR FELLOW, PROVE IT!
WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT, **LOGAN!**
THAT GUY... LEFTY BATES... HE LOOKS THE TYPE!
AH... BUT YOU'RE THE KILLER, USHER!
BLAST YOU, I'LL... UGH!
NO YOU DON'T, FELLA!
BUT GOLLY, MIKE, HOW COULD YOU ACCUSE HIM WITHOUT ONE SHRED OF PROOF?
HE GAVE HIMSELF AWAY... THE USHER TOLD US HIS NAME WAS TOM OTIS... YET WHEN I ADDRESSED HIM AS LOGAN LATER, HE ANSWERED PROMPTLY! HE FORGOT HIMSELF... HE TOOK THE USHER JOB AS A GOOD WAY TO HIDE! WHEN DETECTIVE HAGGERTY WALKED IN THE MOVIE ON HIS TRAIL, LOGAN KNIFED HIM WHILE EVERYONE WAS ABSORBED IN THE PICTURE!
TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION

SOUTHPAW

THE ridge rose jaggedly against the shimmering ball of the afternoon sun, and as Tad stared uneasily up from the trail, winding through the shadows below he saw, briefly, the sharp silhouette of a rider above him. As he stared up, Tad saw the man disappear from sight.

"Git goin', Check," Tad urged the horse beneath him. "We gotta git up there an' see who that hombre is. Somebody sneakin' around Maty's property. . . ."

The crack of a shot lashed across the stillness and a slug whined past Tad's ear. Instantly, he flung himself from the saddle, his hand flashing to unholster the .45 at his hip. Again there was the sharp report of a shot, a tongue of fire from an out-crop of rock.

Crouching close to the ground, Tad swung the gun up, blasted at the rock rampart up there on the summit. Again there was a flick of fire, the angry whine of a slug—

Twice more Tad fired. Next second he saw a man leap up, plunge over the ridge out of sight.

Swiftly Tad mounted and rode down the trail. Something was wrong, and Tad knew he must warn old Matty to call the sheriff. The man he'd seen could be a prisoner, for instance, from some internment camp, bent upon vengeful destruction. . . .

* * * *

CHECK pounded into the yard of the ranch house, and Tad swung down swiftly. As he hurried forward, he saw Slim move toward him from the porch.

"Hold it, Tad," Slim warned. "There's been trouble—"

"What? What's happened?"

Slim gestured toward the ranch house. "Reckon you'd best see fer yourself. It's . . . Matty. Take it easy, kid."

Tad hurried into the front room. His eyes caught the crumpled figure opposite him—

Softly Tad said, "Y'say Matty's—"

"That's right, kid," Slim admitted gently. "Somebody drilled him. Clean and cold!"

Yes, old Matty was dead. The only comforting thing about his passing was he'd died with his boots on . . . regulation style. Tad glanced about the simply furnished room of the ranch house. Out in back was the big corral where Tad could see Matty's prize stock grazing. There were no mavericks among them. That herd was worth money.

Tad's eyes rested on Slim, slouched just inside the door, his hard, bronzed face hostile behind its anger. "Looks bad," Tad admitted softly. "Matty's been shot. Someone sneaked in here when he was alone. It was from the front. Matty couldn't have been expecting it, or else he was killed by someone standing outside the door, afore he knowed who it was."

Slim's lanky body tightened defensively. "Doug and Whip were around, most the afternoon. How'd anyone manage to get in here and plug Matty?—"

* * * *

TAD moved slowly about the room, his careful eyes took in each little detail. "Looks okay," he muttered. "Jest the same—"

Slim said, "This leaves you owner of the Bar-X, huh, kid?"

"Me an' the south-paw, Vic. He was Matty's business partner an' had an interest in the stock. He's been away in the city fot a couple of weeks. On business. Jest got back lately."

"I never cottoned much to that hombre," Slim snarled. "Danged if I can see why Matty ever picked him to handle the business. What's the matter with you? You're growed up."

But Tad wasn't listening. He bent and picked up a book of matches from the floor beside the desk. It was about the same brand Matty used, ones with a blue cover and some advertising. Half the contents had been used up from the left side.

"Reckon we'd better ride over and have a confab with Vic," Slim said. "An' Doug can go in fer the sheriff and coroner."

"We'll talk with Vic first," Tad said softly. "I don't want anyone messing around yet a while."

LONG shadows from the foothills were slanting across the mesa as Tad and his three companions rode into the little camp where Vic and his two cronies stayed. In spite of being Matty's business partner, Vic stayed out here in the shack.

Vic's slim face wore an easy smile as Tad and his three companions dismounted. "Hi," Vic called. "Didn't know we were gonna have company, or we'd have put the kettle on."

Tad said, "We're here on business."

Uneasy silence settled for a moment and Tad felt his muscles gathering inside him, took a quick squint at Slim, who stood with his thumb hooked in his belt just over his hardware.

Some of the smile slipped off Vic's face. "Looks serious, chum. What's cooking?"

Tad answered softly, "Matty's been done in. Someone shot him."

Vic's eyes narrowed. "Tough. Guess you notified the authorities."

"Not yet," Tad answered. "I'd kind of like to know first who held the shootin' iron that killed Matty."

"Guess you would." Vic glanced at his two companions, one of them sitting on the porch, the other leaning beside the door. Vic said, "You'd like to be able to turn the guilty guy over to the sheriff. That's swell . . . but why tell me?"

"I'm just wonderin' where you spent the morning. Of course your buddies were with you all the time!"

Vic smiled. "Gee, you're smart. Sure, they were with me."

Tad shook his head. "I don't figure it quite that way, Vic. In fact . . . I'm pretty danged sure you're the guy who killed Matty!"

"You've gotta prove that, kid. In court."

"Maybe. But with Matty out of the way, you came in for half the stock. An' that would amount to plenty in hard cash.

"There's black-markets all over the country right now," Tad continued. "An' with beef the way it stands . . . any guy with half Matty's stock would be in the chips. You went to the city and made arrangements to sell at least half the herd, then came back. Maybe you tried to talk Matty into selling. Maybe you told him some of the details, and Matty never liked anything crooked. Anyhow . . . you plugged him when he wouldn't do business. How does it sound, Vic?"

• • • •

FOR a little while no one spoke and there was just the sound of a horse out in the back, the metallic rattle of dried weeds beside the shanty.

Whip's voice snarled, "String 'em up. Now!"

Vic's eyes were narrowed to slits, his nostrils widening and thinning with his fast breath. "You guys are all wet . . .

"Too danged good even fer you!" Doug growled from the opposite side. "Tad, if we let this guy go the law'll probably give him a life sentence. That ain't enough. Whip's right. There's a tree out behind—"

Vic turned briefly to flash a look toward his two friends, neither of whom seemed inclined to take his side. Vic's face came back again and there was fear in his eyes, across his twitching mouth.

"Y'cant hang me. . . . I'll take the law. It's a chance. You bunch of murdering devils—"

"You killed Matty!" Tad snarled, moving forward. "You prob'ly shot him without givin' him a chance. Otherwise he'd have got you. And it was you, because no one else could have walked in on him like that!"

• • • •

VIC'S furtive eyes took in the closing ring about him. Whip held his rope coiled in his hand. "Y'can't do it!" Vic shrilled. "I tell you I'll take the law. Y'cant string me up—"

"You shot Matty! An' y'had one of these guys up on the ridge to try and bag me. With me outen the way, you stood to take over the whole Bar-X!"

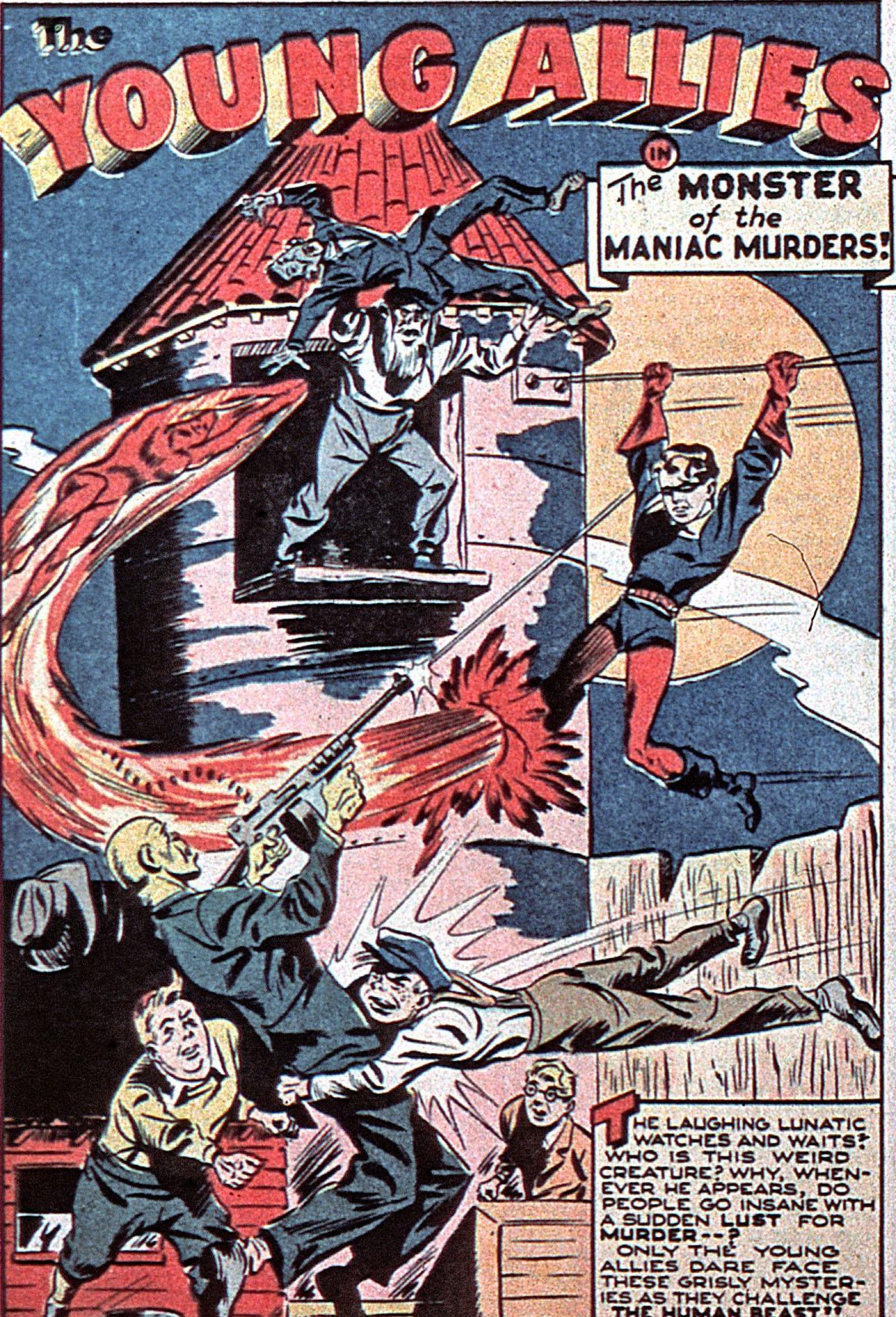
"Okay, okay! I shot him. You're right. But . . . no ropes—"

"Tie him up," Tad ordered harshly. "An' take those other two hombres along. We'll ride into Gopher an' turn 'em over to the sheriff."

"You're building a case on guess-work," Vic yelled. "You don't know for sure I done it. If I hadn't admitted—"

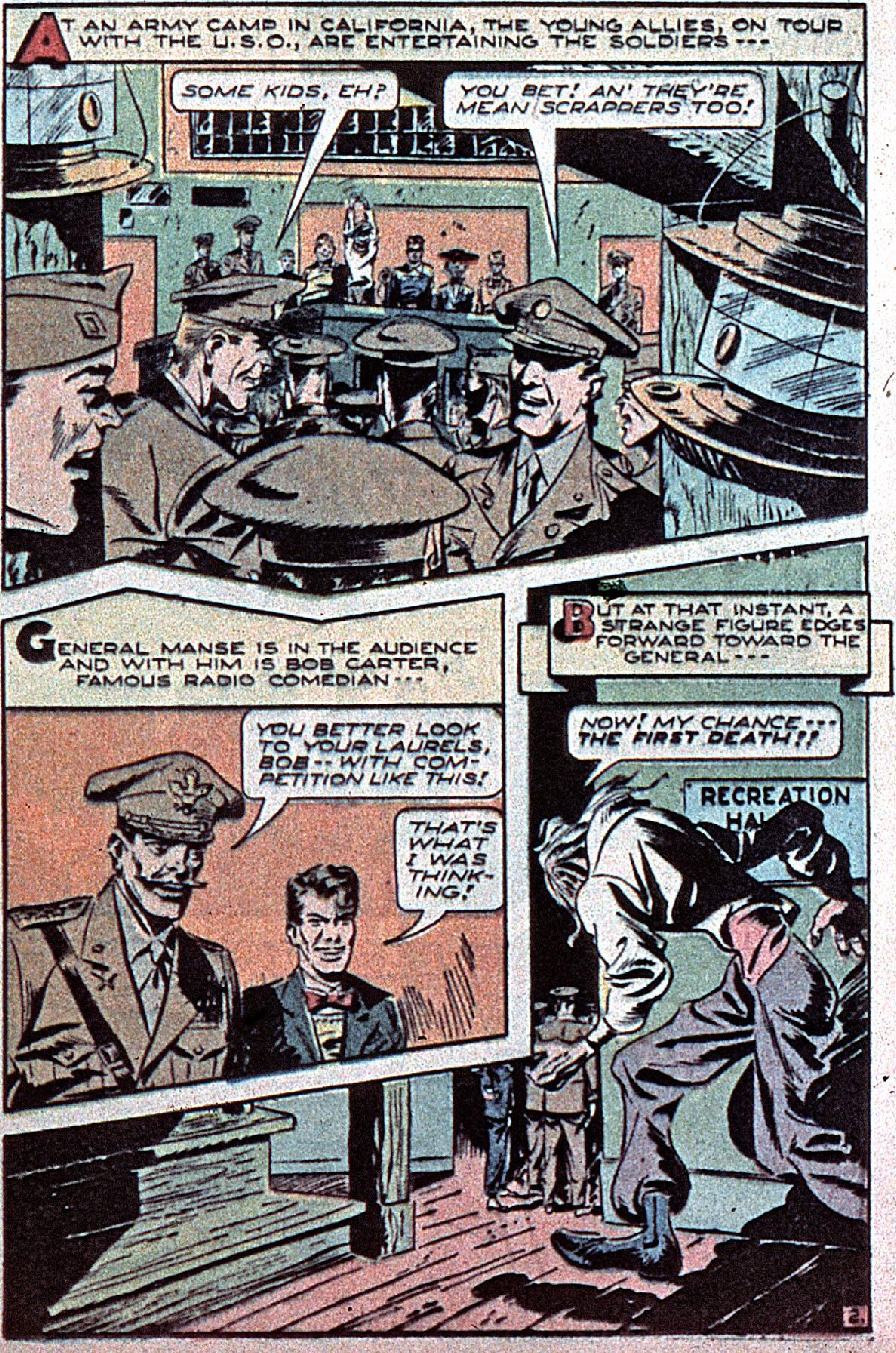
"I knowed you were there," Tad retorted. "You dropped your book of matches in the room where you killed Matty. You're the only south-paw within a hundred miles, I know of. You tear your matches outen the left side of the book, Vic. Anyone else'd rip 'em outen the right side. Maybe that's guess-work, but it's a good guess!"

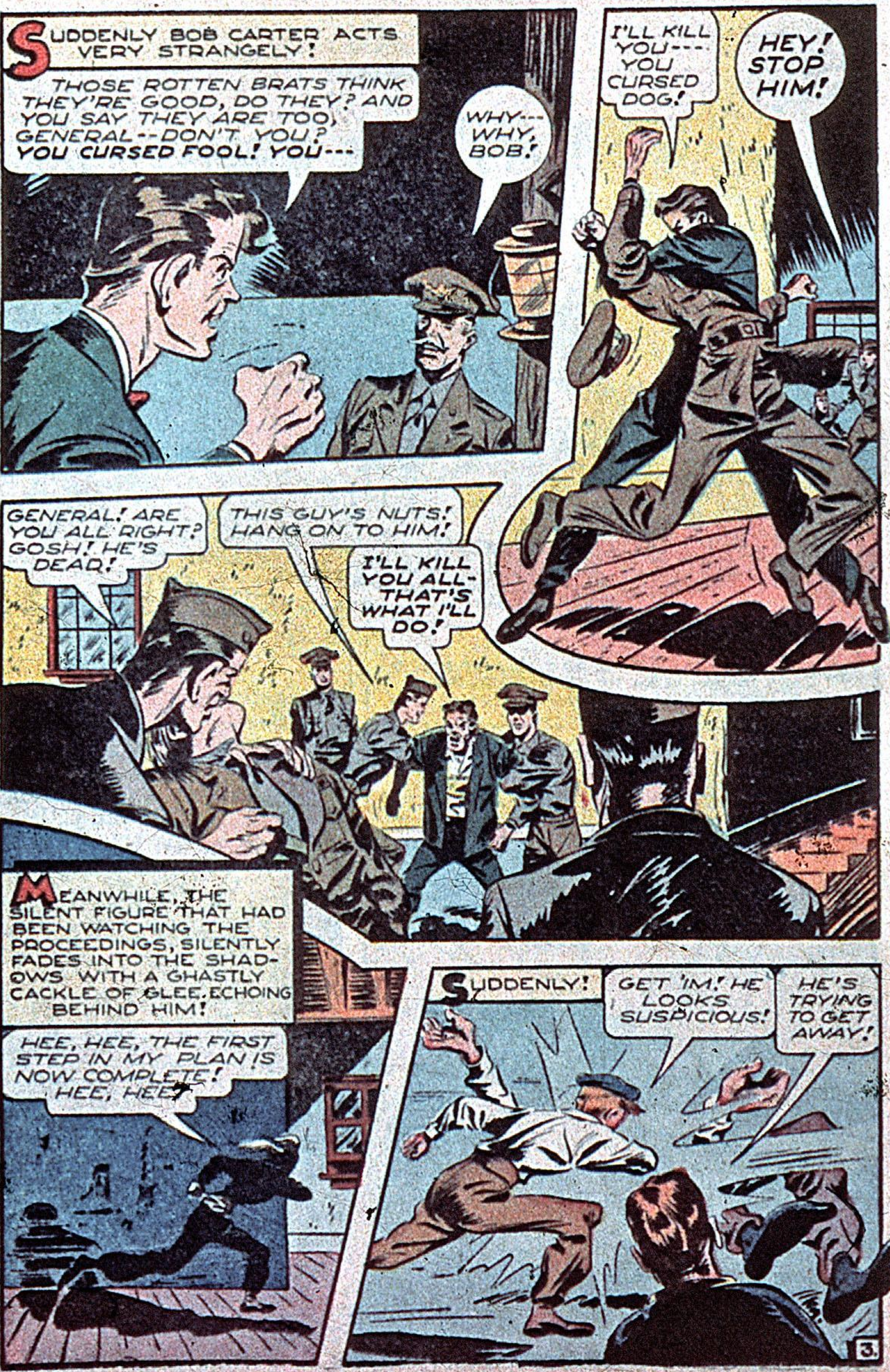
THE END

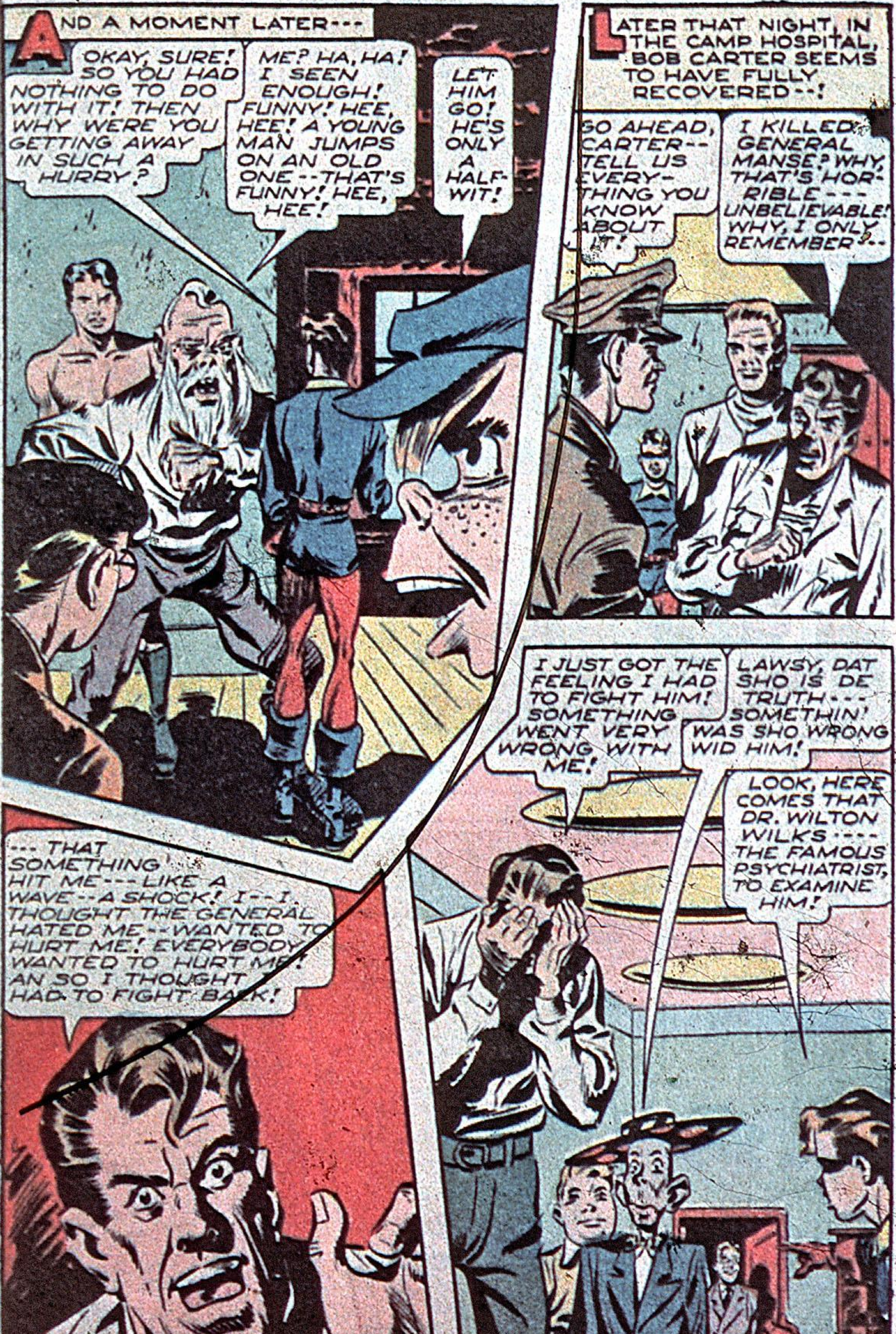


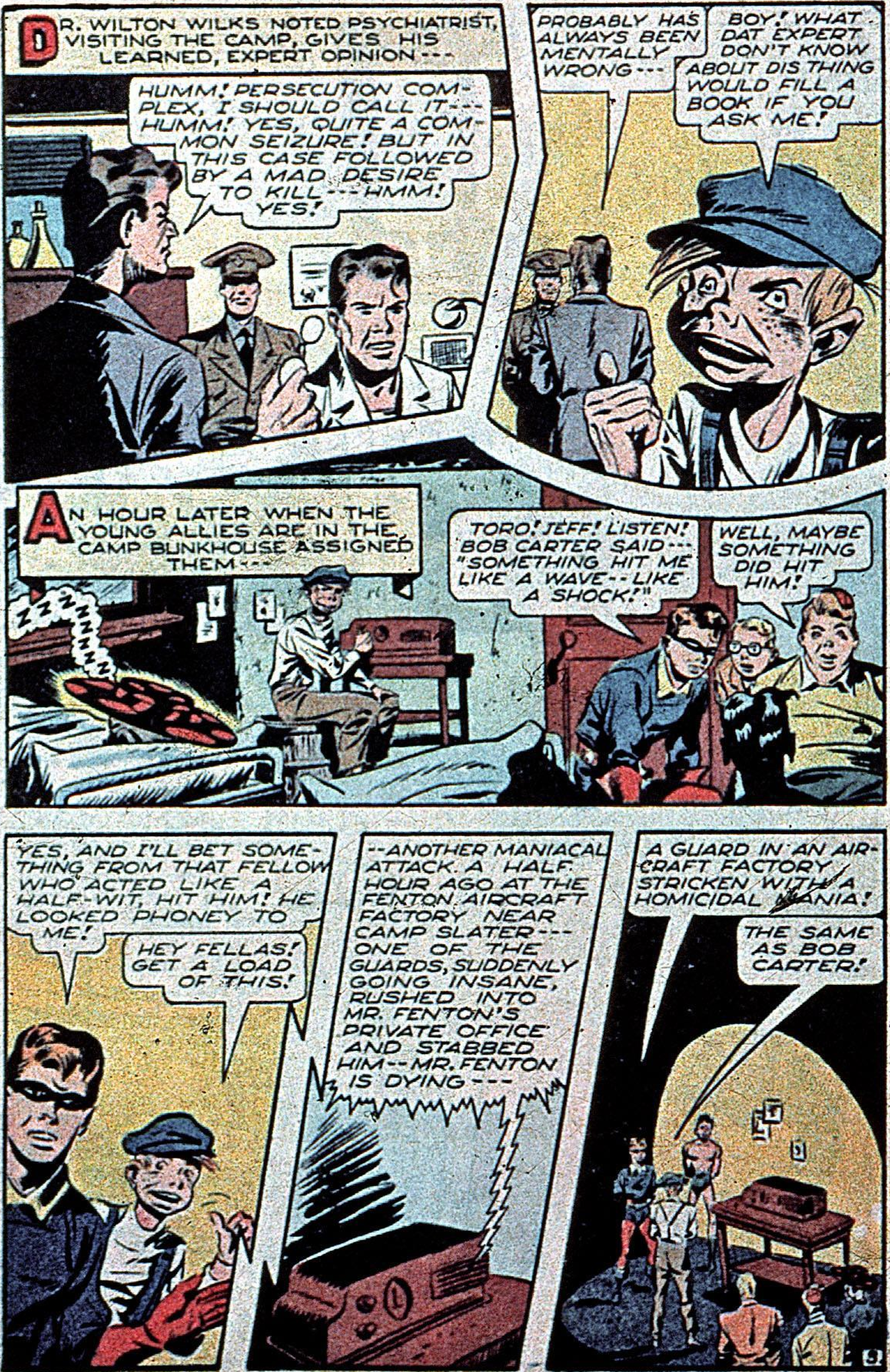
The YOUNG ALLIES in The MONSTER of the MANIAC MURDERS!

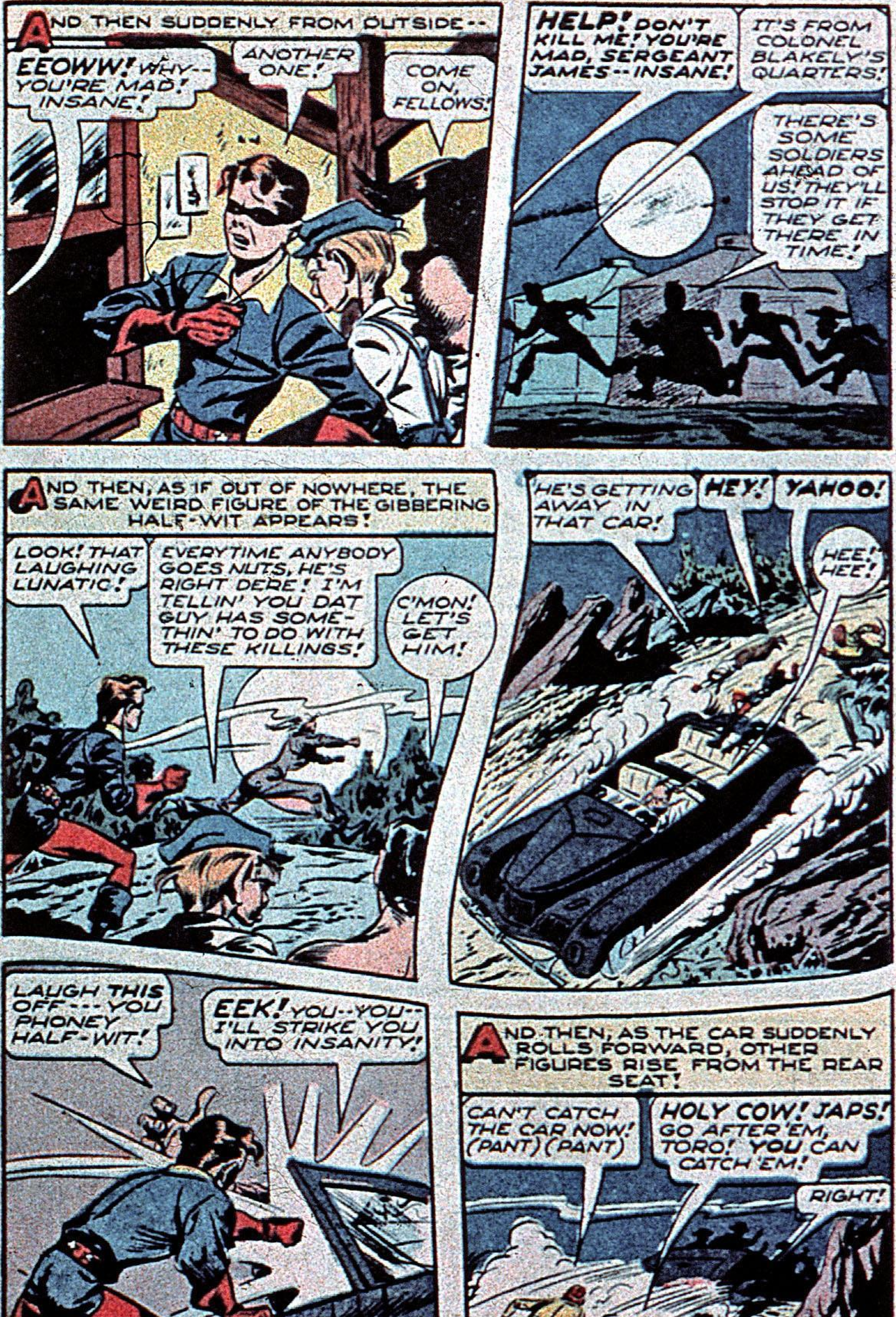
THE LAUGHING LUNATIC WATCHES AND WAITS! WHO IS THIS WEIRD CREATURE? WHY, WHENEVER HE APPEARS, DO PEOPLE GO INSANE WITH A SUDDEN **LUST FOR MURDER**--?
ONLY THE YOUNG ALLIES DARE FACE THESE GRISLY MYSTERIES AS THEY CHALLENGE **THE HUMAN BEAST!!**

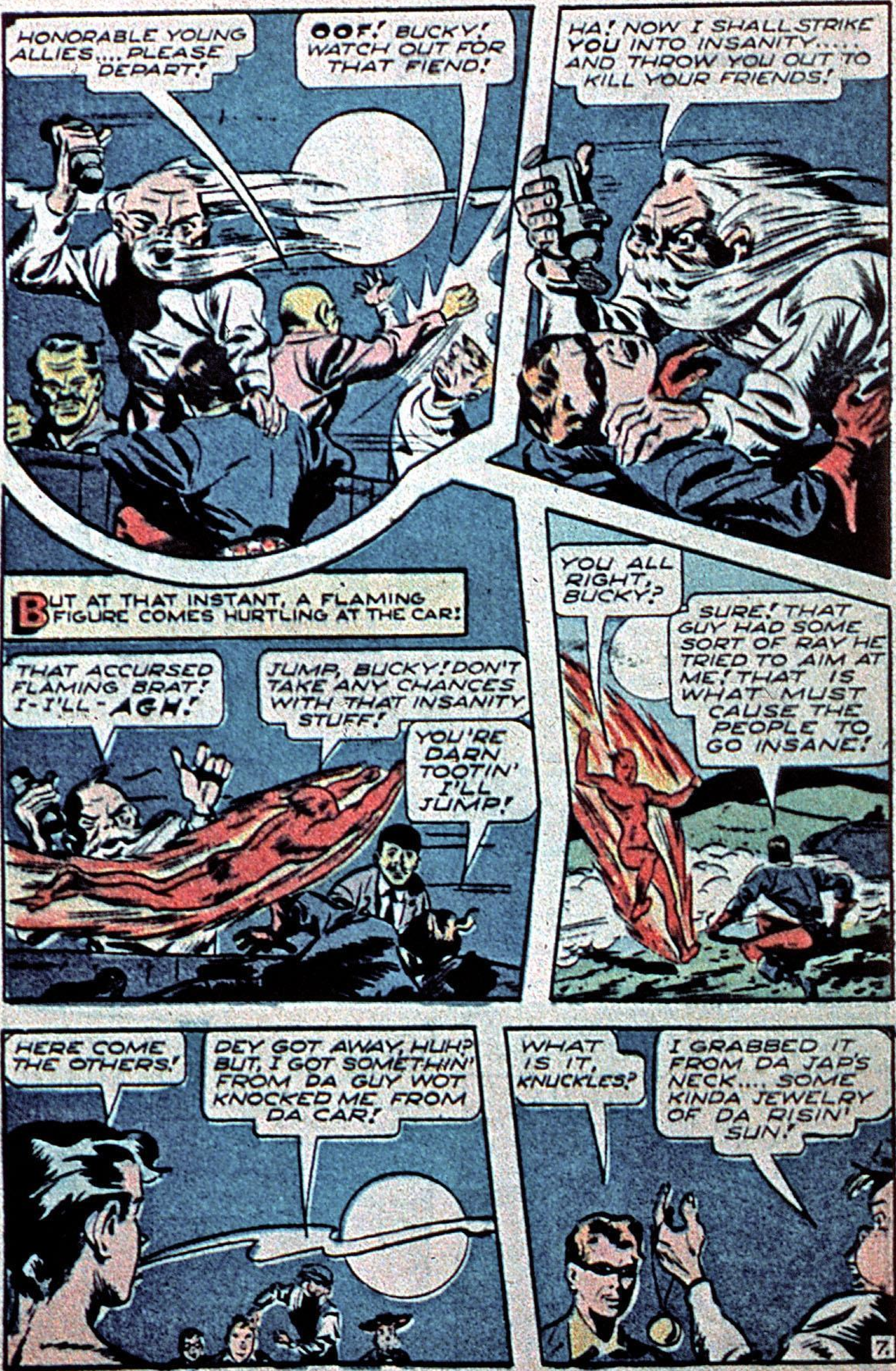

AT AN ARMY CAMP IN CALIFORNIA, THE YOUNG ALLIES, ON TOUR WITH THE U.S.O., ARE ENTERTAINING THE SOLDIERS ---
SOME KIDS, EH?
YOU BET! AN' THEY'RE MEAN SCRAPPERS TOO!
GENERAL MANSE IS IN THE AUDIENCE AND WITH HIM IS BOB CARTER, FAMOUS RADIO COMEDIAN ---
YOU BETTER LOOK TO YOUR LAURELS, BOB -- WITH COMPETITION LIKE THIS!
THAT'S WHAT I WAS THINKING!
BUT AT THAT INSTANT, A STRANGE FIGURE EDGES FORWARD TOWARD THE GENERAL ---
NOW! MY CHANCE --- THE FIRST DEATH!!
RECREATION HA
2.

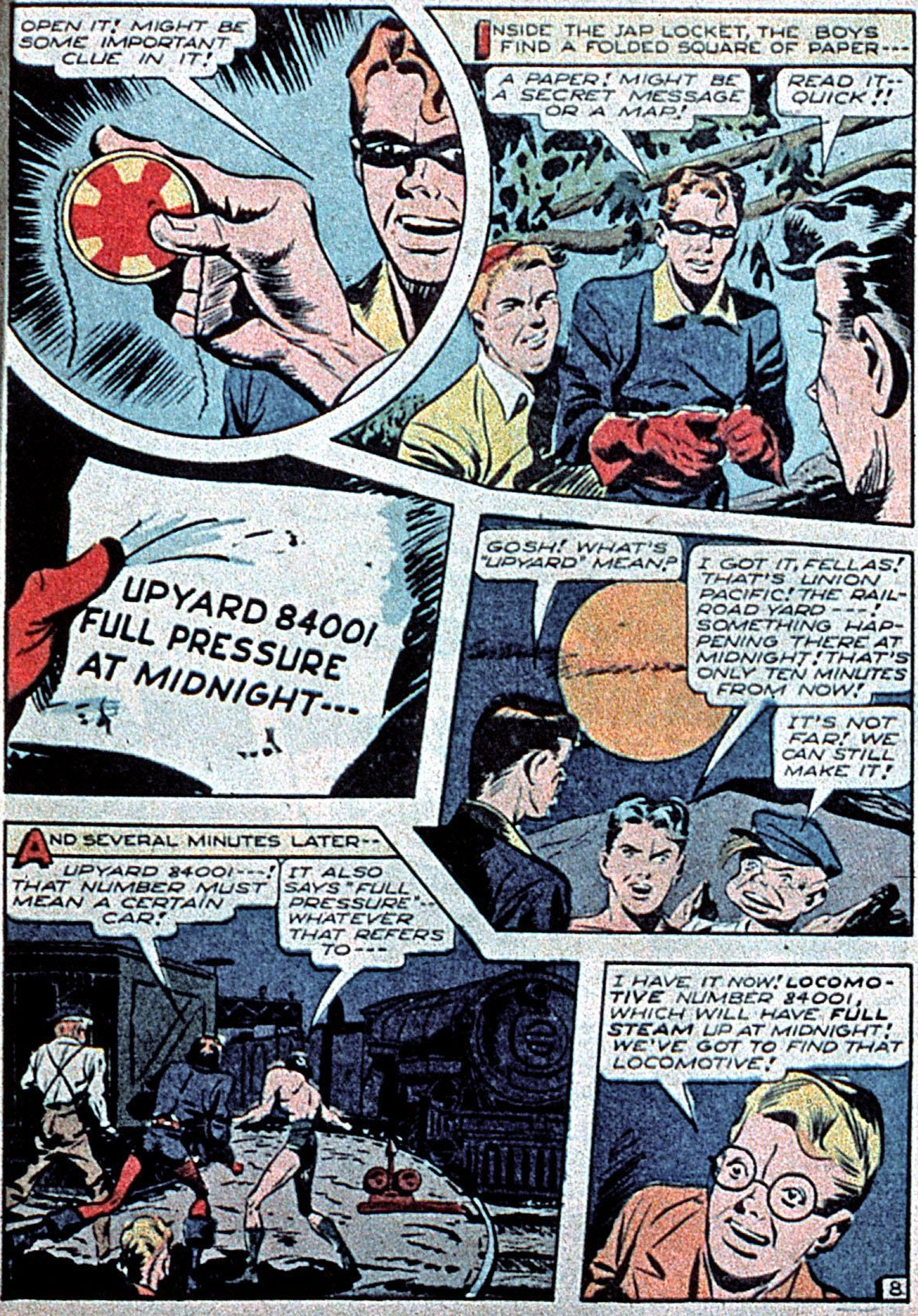

SUDDENLY BOB CARTER ACTS VERY STRANGELY!
THOSE ROTTEN BRATS THINK THEY'RE GOOD, DO THEY? AND YOU SAY THEY ARE TOO, GENERAL--DON'T YOU? YOU CURSED FOOL! YOU---
WHY--- WHY, BOB!
I'LL KILL YOU--- YOU CURSED DOG!
HEY! STOP HIM!
GENERAL! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? GOSH! HE'S DEAD!
THIS GUY'S NUTS! HANG ON TO HIM!
I'LL KILL YOU ALL- THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO!
MEANWHILE, THE SILENT FIGURE THAT HAD BEEN WATCHING THE PROCEEDINGS, SILENTLY FADES INTO THE SHADOWS WITH A GHASTLY CACKLE OF GLEE ECHOING BEHIND HIM!
HEE, HEE, THE FIRST STEP IN MY PLAN IS NOW COMPLETE! HEE, HEE!
SUDDENLY!
GET 'IM! HE LOOKS SUSPICIOUS!
HE'S TRYING TO GET AWAY!

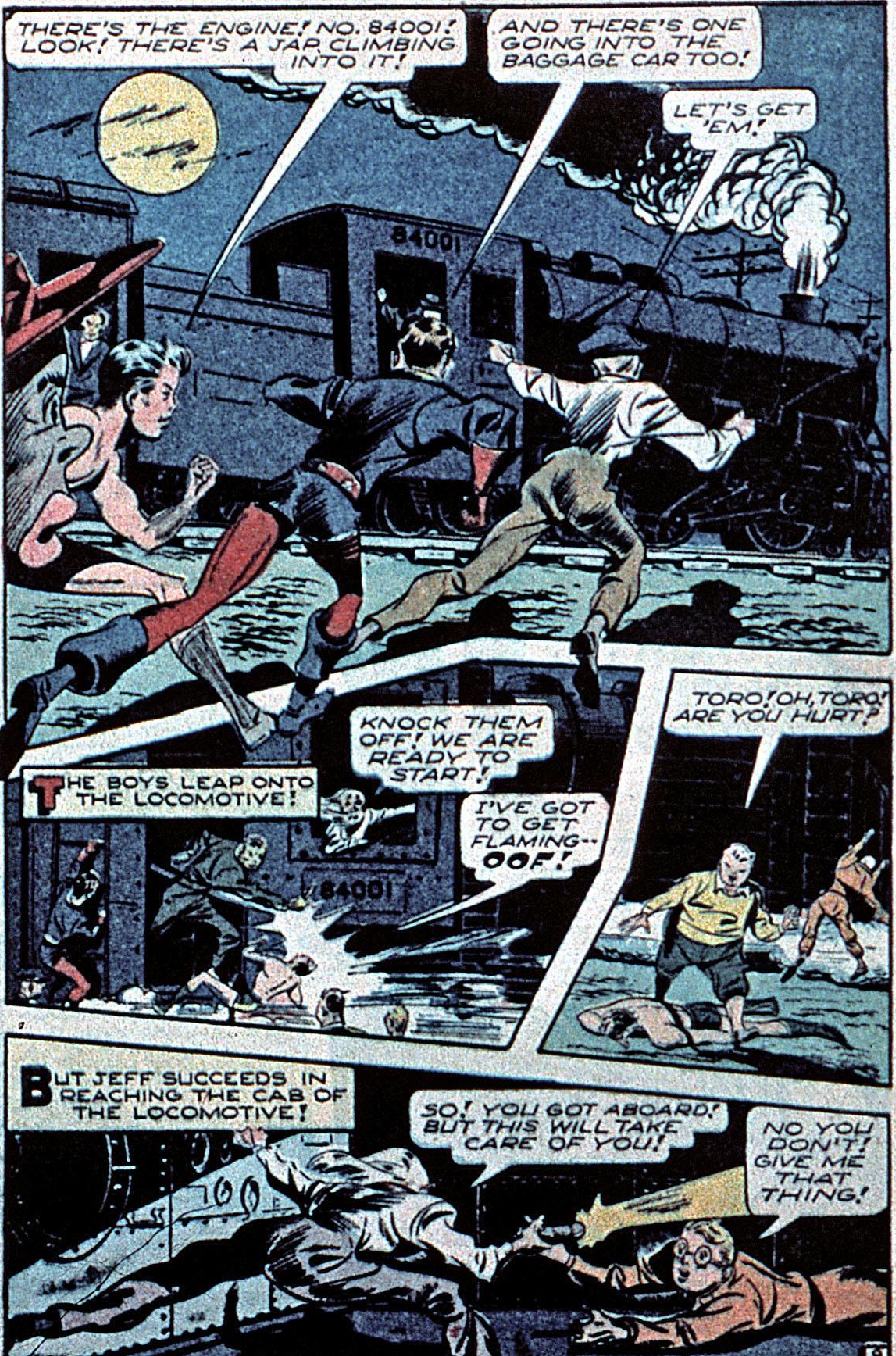

AND A MOMENT LATER---
OKAY, SURE! SO YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! THEN WHY WERE YOU GETTING AWAY IN SUCH A HURRY?
ME? HA, HA! I SEEN ENOUGH! FUNNY! HEE, HEE! A YOUNG MAN JUMPS ON AN OLD ONE--THAT'S FUNNY! HEE, HEE!
LET HIM GO! HE'S ONLY A HALF-WIT!
LATER THAT NIGHT, IN THE CAMP HOSPITAL, BOB CARTER SEEMS TO HAVE FULLY RECOVERED--!
SO AHEAD, CARTER--TELL US EVERYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT IT!
I KILLED GENERAL MANSE? WHY, THAT'S HORRIBLE---UNBELIEVABLE! WHY, I ONLY REMEMBER--
---THAT SOMETHING HIT ME---LIKE A WAVE--A SHOCK! I--I THOUGHT THE GENERAL HATED ME--WANTED TO HURT ME! EVERYBODY WANTED TO HURT ME! AN SO I THOUGHT I HAD TO FIGHT BACK!
I JUST GOT THE FEELING I HAD TO FIGHT HIM! SOMETHING WENT VERY WRONG WITH ME!
LAWSY, DAT SHO IS DE TRUTH---SOMETHIN' WAS SHO WRONG WID HIM!
LOOK, HERE COMES THAT DR. WILTON WILKS---THE FAMOUS PSYCHIATRIST, TO EXAMINE HIM!
4.

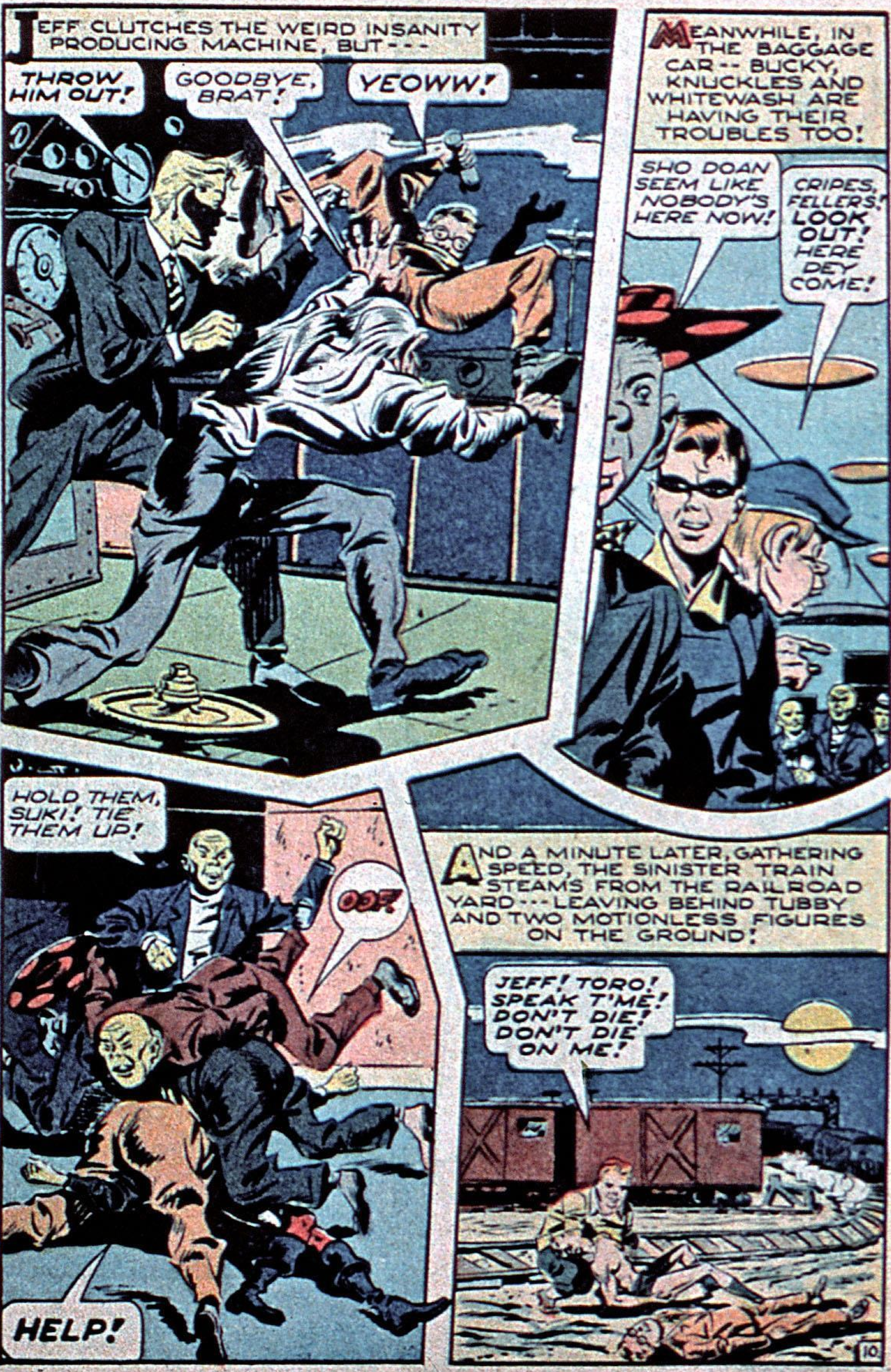

DR. WILTON WILKS NOTED PSYCHIATRIST, VISITING THE CAMP, GIVES HIS LEARNED, EXPERT OPINION ---
HUMM! PERSECUTION COMPLEX, I SHOULD CALL IT--- HUMM! YES, QUITE A COMMON SEIZURE! BUT IN THIS CASE FOLLOWED BY A MAD DESIRE TO KILL---HMM! YES!
PROBABLY HAS ALWAYS BEEN MENTALLY WRONG---
BOY! WHAT DAT EXPERT DON'T KNOW ABOUT DIS THING WOULD FILL A BOOK IF YOU ASK ME!
AN HOUR LATER WHEN THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE IN THE CAMP BUNKHOUSE ASSIGNED THEM---
ZZZZZZZZZ
TORO! JEFF! LISTEN! BOB CARTER SAID--- "SOMETHING HIT ME LIKE A WAVE--LIKE A SHOCK!"
WELL, MAYBE SOMETHING DID HIT HIM!
YES, AND I'LL BET SOMETHING FROM THAT FELLOW WHO ACTED LIKE A HALF-WIT, HIT HIM! HE LOOKED PHONEY TO ME!
HEY FELLAS! GET A LOAD OF THIS!
--ANOTHER MANIACAL ATTACK. A HALF HOUR AGO AT THE FENTON AIRCRAFT FACTORY NEAR CAMP SLATER--- ONE OF THE GUARDS, SUDDENLY GOING INSANE, RUSHED INTO MR. FENTON'S PRIVATE OFFICE AND STABBED HIM--MR. FENTON IS DYING---
A GUARD IN AN AIRCRAFT FACTORY STRICKEN WITH A HOMICIDAL MANIA!
THE SAME AS BOB CARTER!

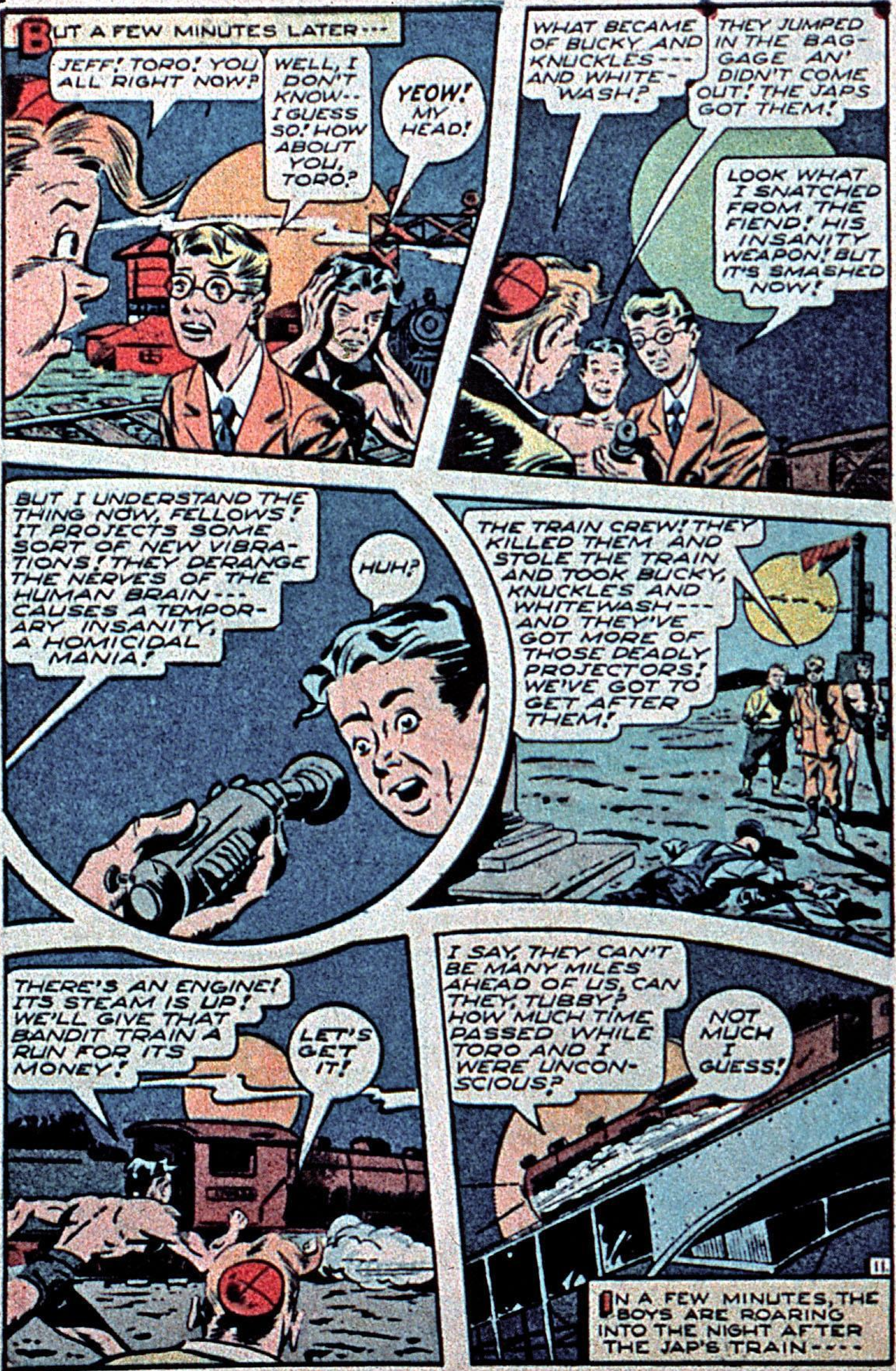

AND THEN SUDDENLY FROM OUTSIDE--
EEOWW! WHY-- YOU'RE MAD! INSANE!
ANOTHER ONE!
COME ON, FELLOWS!
HELP! DON'T KILL ME! YOU'RE MAD, SERGEANT JAMES--INSANE!
IT'S FROM COLONEL BLAKELY'S QUARTERS!
THERE'S SOME SOLDIERS AHEAD OF US! THEY'LL STOP IT IF THEY GET THERE IN TIME!
AND THEN, AS IF OUT OF NOWHERE, THE SAME WEIRD FIGURE OF THE GIBBERING HALF-WIT APPEARS!
LOOK! THAT LAUGHING LUNATIC!
EVERYTIME ANYBODY GOES NUTS, HE'S RIGHT DERE! I'M TELLIN' YOU DAT GUY HAS SOMETHIN' TO DO WITH THESE KILLINGS!
C'MON! LET'S GET HIM!
HE'S GETTING AWAY IN THAT CAR!
HEY!
YAHOO!
HEE! HEE!
LAUGH THIS OFF---YOU PHONEY HALF-WIT!
EEK! YOU--YOU-- I'LL STRIKE YOU INTO INSANITY!
AND THEN, AS THE CAR SUDDENLY ROLLS FORWARD, OTHER FIGURES RISE FROM THE REAR SEAT!
CAN'T CATCH THE CAR NOW! (PANT) (PANT)
HOLY COW! JAPS! GO AFTER 'EM, TORO! YOU CAN CATCH 'EM!
RIGHT!

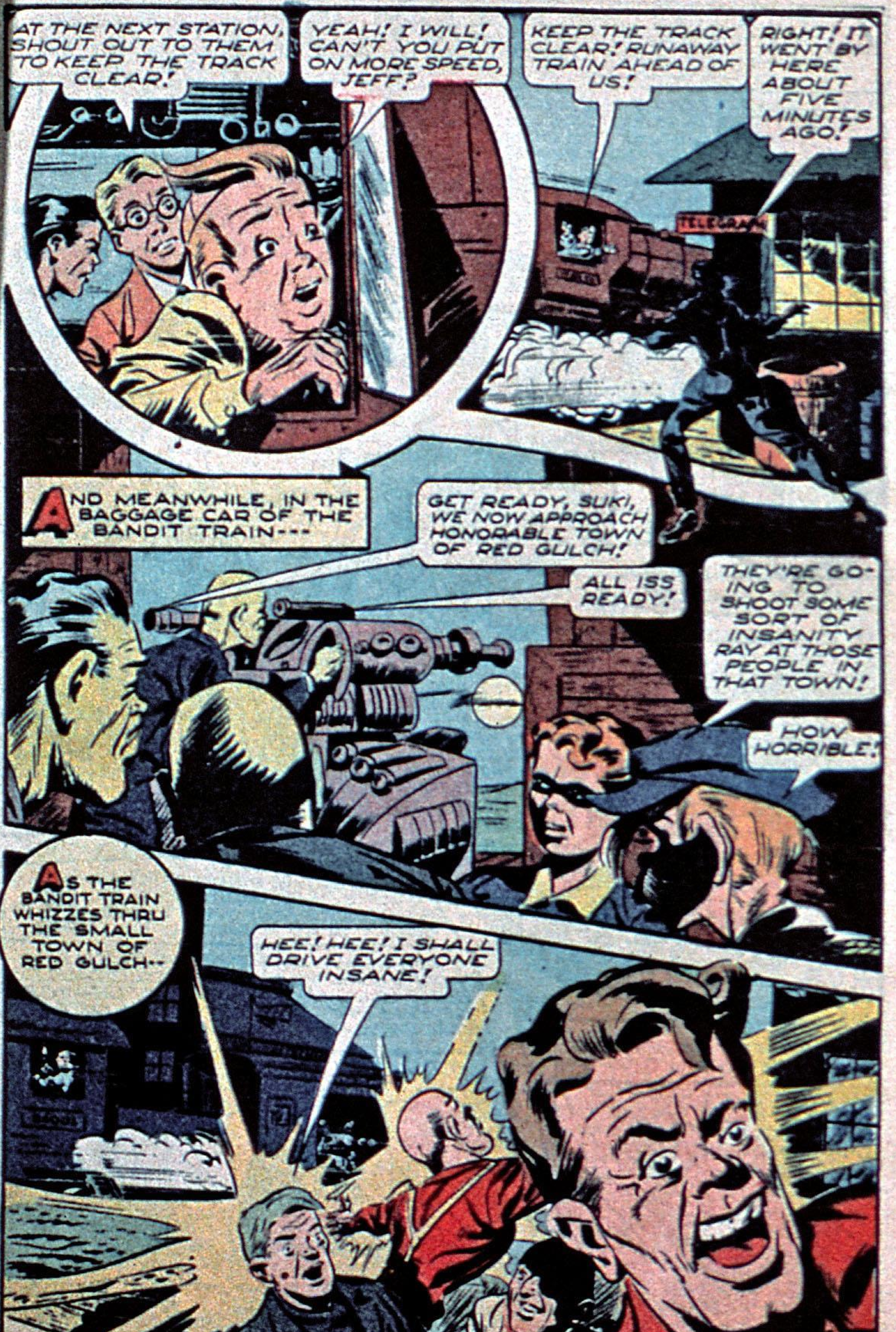

HONORABLE YOUNG ALLIES.... PLEASE DEPART!
OOF! BUCKY! WATCH OUT FOR THAT FIEND!
HA! NOW I SHALL STRIKE YOU INTO INSANITY..... AND THROW YOU OUT TO KILL YOUR FRIENDS!
BUT AT THAT INSTANT, A FLAMING FIGURE COMES HURTLING AT THE CAR!
THAT ACCURSED FLAMING BRAT! I-I'LL-AGH!
JUMP, BUCKY! DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH THAT INSANITY STUFF!
YOU'RE DARN TOOTIN' I'LL JUMP!
YOU ALL RIGHT, BUCKY?
SURE! THAT GUY HAD SOME SORT OF RAY HE TRIED TO AIM AT ME! THAT IS WHAT MUST CAUSE THE PEOPLE TO GO INSANE!
HERE COME THE OTHERS!
DEY GOT AWAY, HUH? BUT, I GOT SOMETHIN' FROM DA GUY WOT KNOCKED ME FROM DA CAR!
WHAT IS IT, KNUCKLES?
I GRABBED IT FROM DA JAP'S NECK.... SOME KINDA JEWELRY OF DA RISIN' SUN!

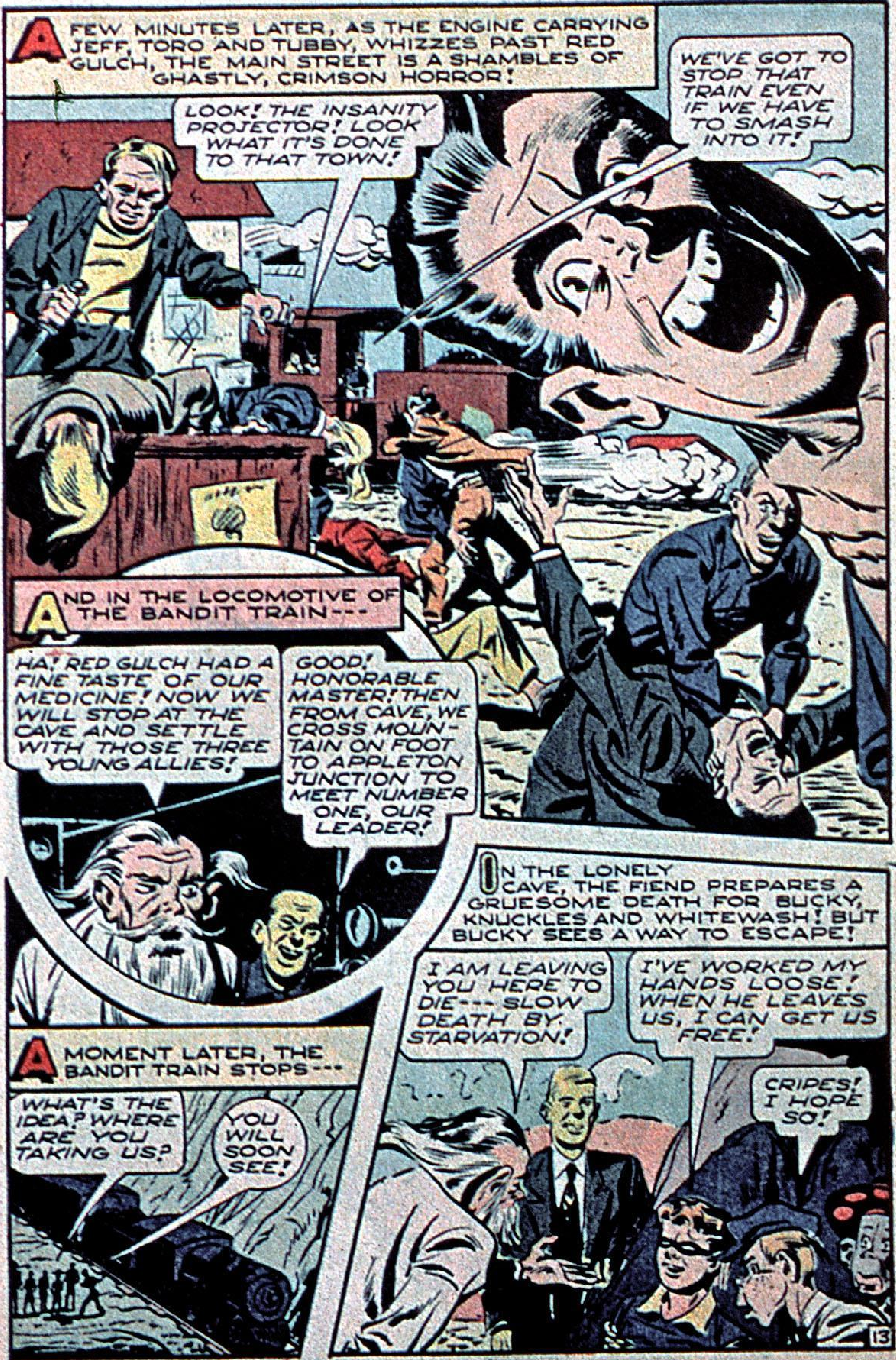

OPEN IT! MIGHT BE SOME IMPORTANT CLUE IN IT!
INSIDE THE JAP LOCKET, THE BOYS FIND A FOLDED SQUARE OF PAPER---
A PAPER! MIGHT BE A SECRET MESSAGE OR A MAP!
READ IT-- QUICK!!
UPYARD 84001 FULL PRESSURE AT MIDNIGHT---
GOSH! WHAT'S "UPYARD" MEAN?
I GOT IT, FELLAS! THAT'S UNION PACIFIC! THE RAILROAD YARD---! SOMETHING HAPPENING THERE AT MIDNIGHT! THAT'S ONLY TEN MINUTES FROM NOW!
IT'S NOT FAR! WE CAN STILL MAKE IT!
AND SEVERAL MINUTES LATER--
UPYARD 84001---! THAT NUMBER MUST MEAN A CERTAIN CAR!
IT ALSO SAYS "FULL PRESSURE"-- WHATEVER THAT REFERS TO---
I HAVE IT NOW! **LOCOMOTIVE** NUMBER 84001, WHICH WILL HAVE **FULL STEAM** UP AT MIDNIGHT! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT LOCOMOTIVE!
8

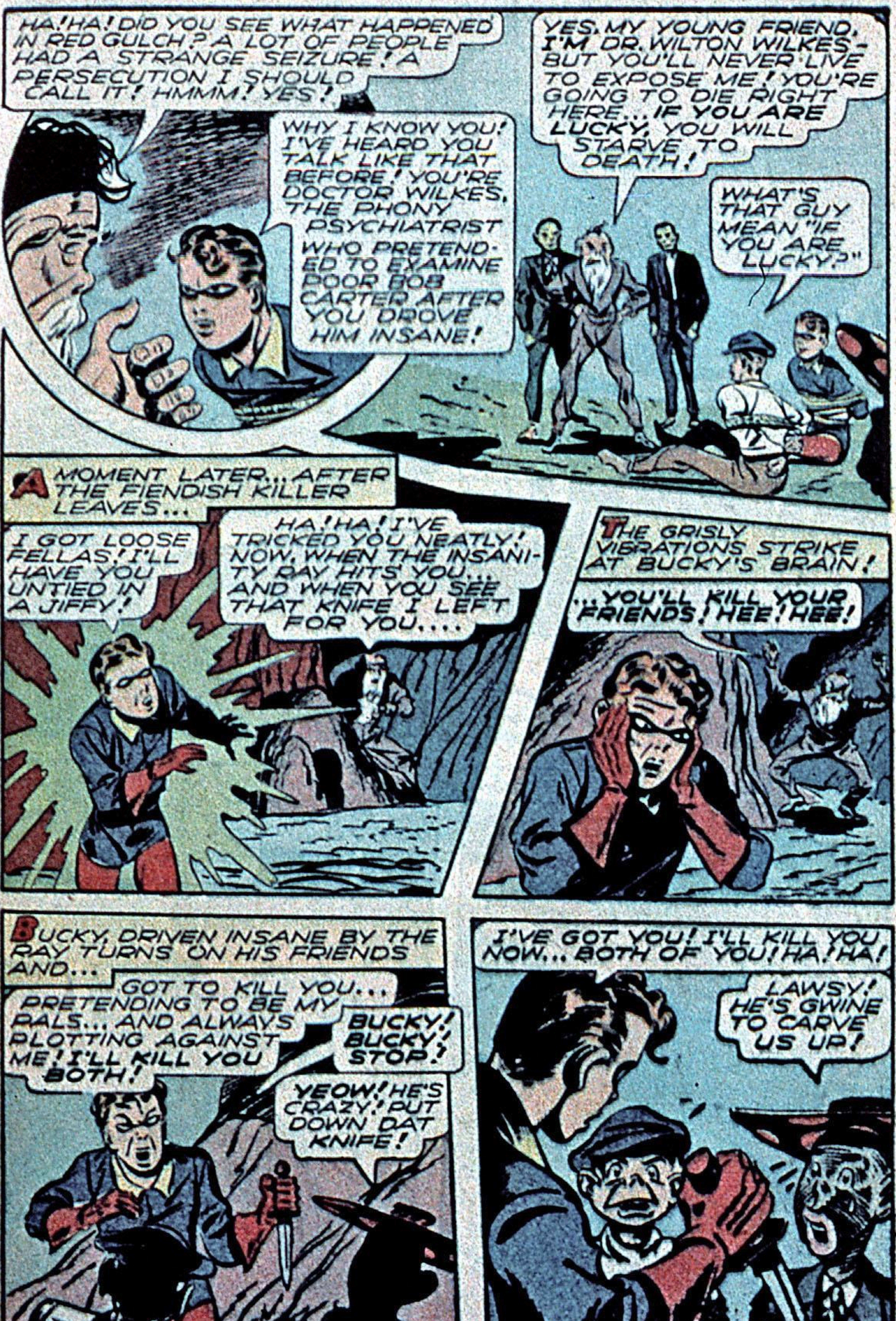

THERE'S THE ENGINE! NO. 84001! LOOK! THERE'S A JAP CLIMBING INTO IT!
AND THERE'S ONE GOING INTO THE BAGGAGE CAR TOO!
LET'S GET 'EM!
84001
THE BOYS LEAP ONTO THE LOCOMOTIVE!
KNOCK THEM OFF! WE ARE READY TO START!
I'VE GOT TO GET FLAMING-- OOF!
84001
TORO! OH, TORO! ARE YOU HURT?
BUT JEFF SUCCEEDS IN REACHING THE CAB OF THE LOCOMOTIVE!
SO! YOU GOT ABOARD! BUT THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
NO YOU DON'T! GIVE ME THAT THING!

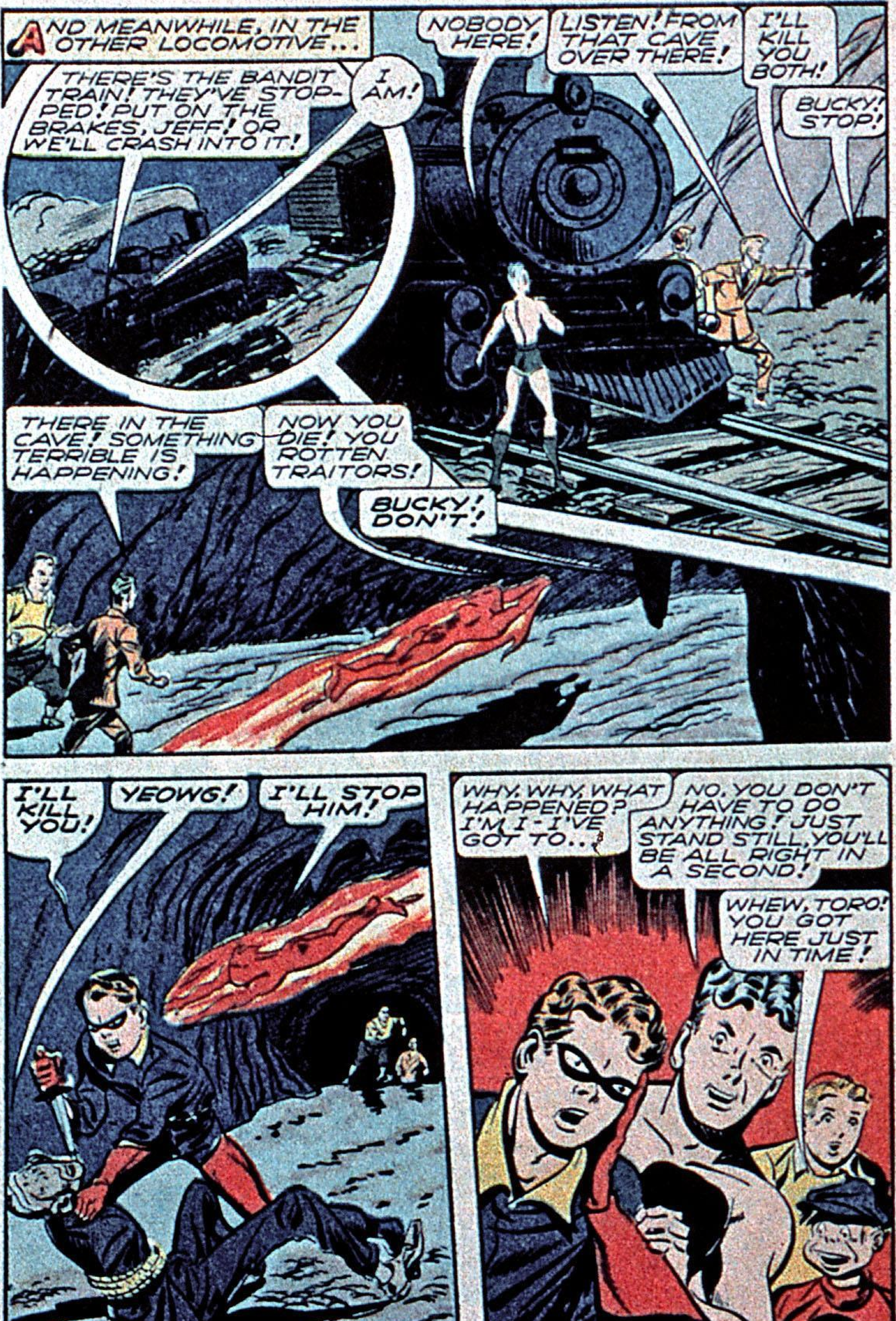

JEFF CLUTCHES THE WEIRD INSANITY PRODUCING MACHINE, BUT---
THROW HIM OUT!
GOODBYE, BRAT!
YEOWW!
MEANWHILE, IN THE BAGGAGE CAR -- BUCKY, KNUCKLES AND WHITEWASH ARE HAVING THEIR TROUBLES TOO!
SHO DOAN SEEM LIKE NOBODY'S HERE NOW!
CRIPES, FELLERS! LOOK OUT! HERE DEY COME!
HOLD THEM, SUKI! TIE THEM UP!
OOF!
HELP!
AND A MINUTE LATER, GATHERING SPEED, THE SINISTER TRAIN STEAMS FROM THE RAILROAD YARD---LEAVING BEHIND TUBBY AND TWO MOTIONLESS FIGURES ON THE GROUND!
JEFF! TORO! SPEAK T'ME! DON'T DIE! DON'T DIE ON ME!

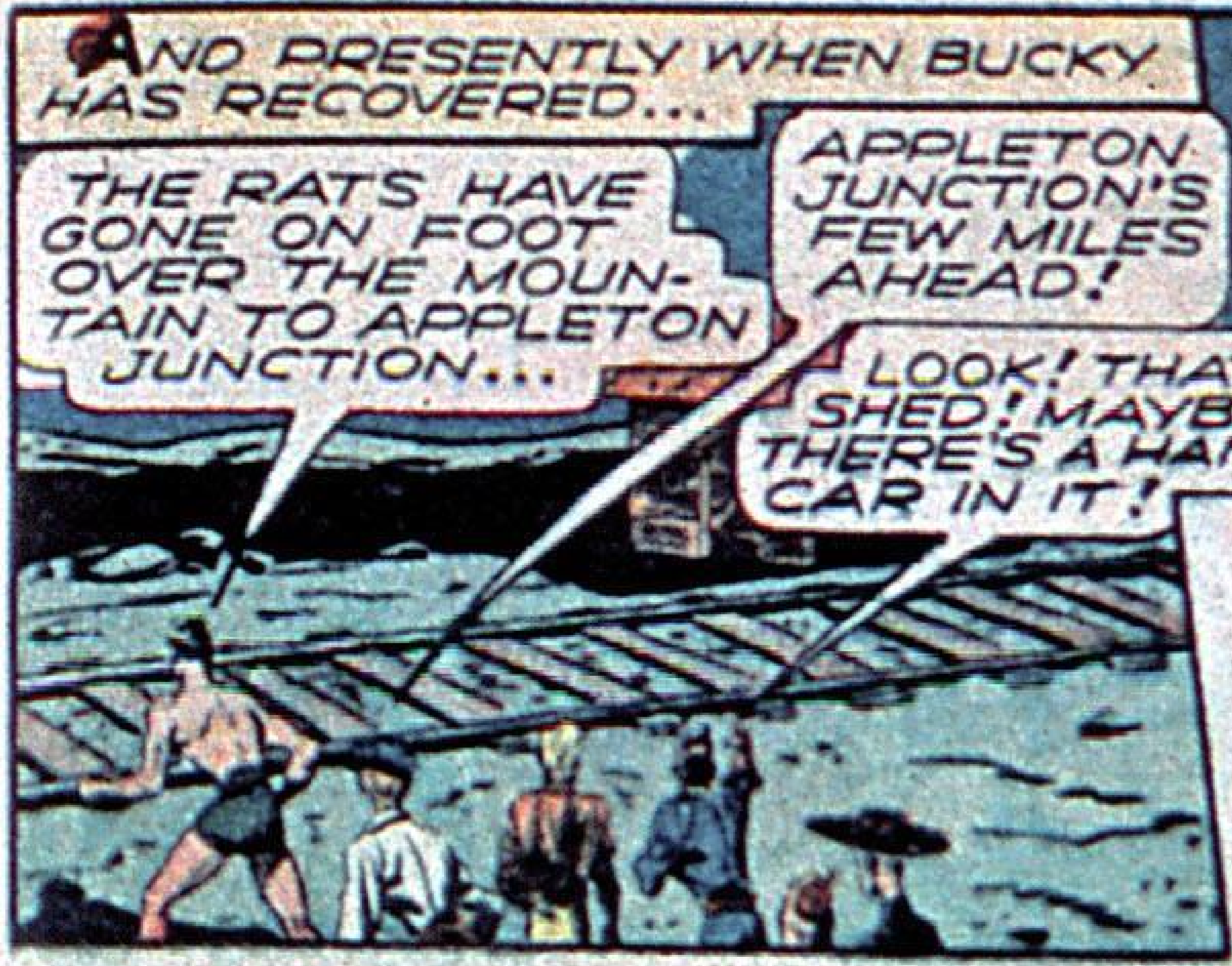

BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER---
JEFF! TORO! YOU ALL RIGHT NOW?
WELL, I DON'T KNOW-- I GUESS SO! HOW ABOUT YOU, TORO?
YEOW! MY HEAD!
WHAT BECAME OF BUCKY AND KNUCKLES--- AND WHITEWASH?
THEY JUMPED IN THE BAGGAGE AN' DIDN'T COME OUT! THE JAPS GOT THEM!
LOOK WHAT I SNATCHED FROM THE FIEND! HIS INSANITY WEAPON! BUT IT'S SMASHED NOW!
BUT I UNDERSTAND THE THING NOW, FELLOWS! IT PROJECTS SOME SORT OF NEW VIBRATIONS! THEY DERANGE THE NERVES OF THE HUMAN BRAIN--- CAUSES A TEMPORARY INSANITY, A HOMICIDAL MANIA!
HUH?
THE TRAIN CREW! THEY KILLED THEM AND STOLE THE TRAIN AND TOOK BUCKY, KNUCKLES AND WHITEWASH--- AND THEY'VE GOT MORE OF THOSE DEADLY PROJECTORS! WE'VE GOT TO GET AFTER THEM!
THERE'S AN ENGINE! ITS STEAM IS UP! WE'LL GIVE THAT BANDIT TRAIN A RUN FOR ITS MONEY!
LET'S GET IT!
I SAY, THEY CAN'T BE MANY MILES AHEAD OF US, CAN THEY, TUBBY? HOW MUCH TIME PASSED WHILE TORO AND I WERE UNCONSCIOUS?
NOT MUCH I GUESS!
IN A FEW MINUTES, THE BOYS ARE ROARING INTO THE NIGHT AFTER THE JAP'S TRAIN---

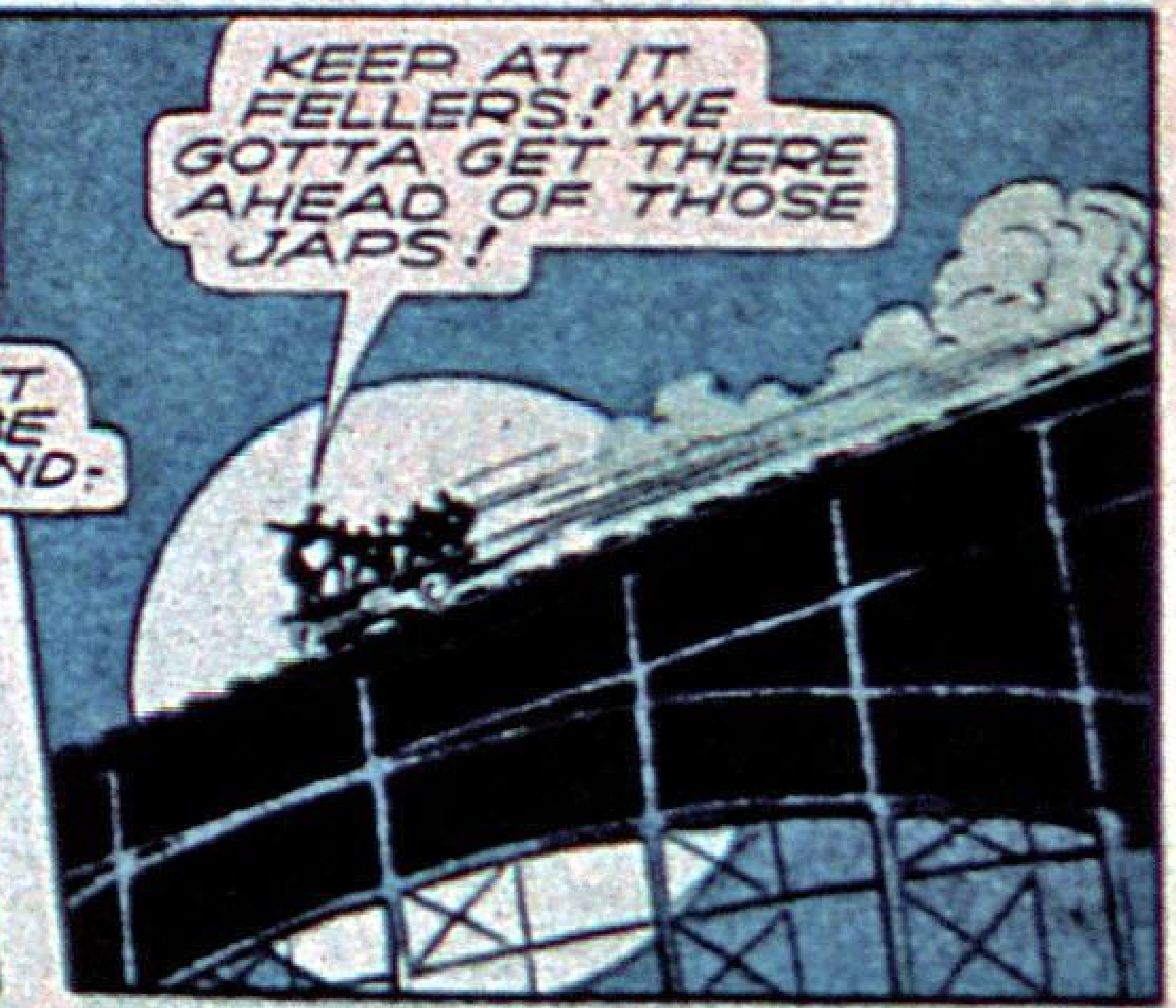

AT THE NEXT STATION, SHOUT OUT TO THEM TO KEEP THE TRACK CLEAR!
YEAH! I WILL! CAN'T YOU PUT ON MORE SPEED, JEFF?
KEEP THE TRACK CLEAR! RUNAWAY TRAIN AHEAD OF US!
RIGHT! IT WENT BY HERE ABOUT FIVE MINUTES AGO!
TELEGRAPH
AND MEANWHILE, IN THE BAGGAGE CAR OF THE BANDIT TRAIN---
GET READY, SUKI, WE NOW APPROACH HONORABLE TOWN OF RED GULCH!
ALL ISS READY!
THEY'RE GO-ING TO SHOOT SOME SORT OF INSANITY RAY AT THOSE PEOPLE IN THAT TOWN!
HOW HORRIBLE!
AS THE BANDIT TRAIN WHIZZES THRU THE SMALL TOWN OF RED GULCH--
HEE! HEE! I SHALL DRIVE EVERYONE INSANE!

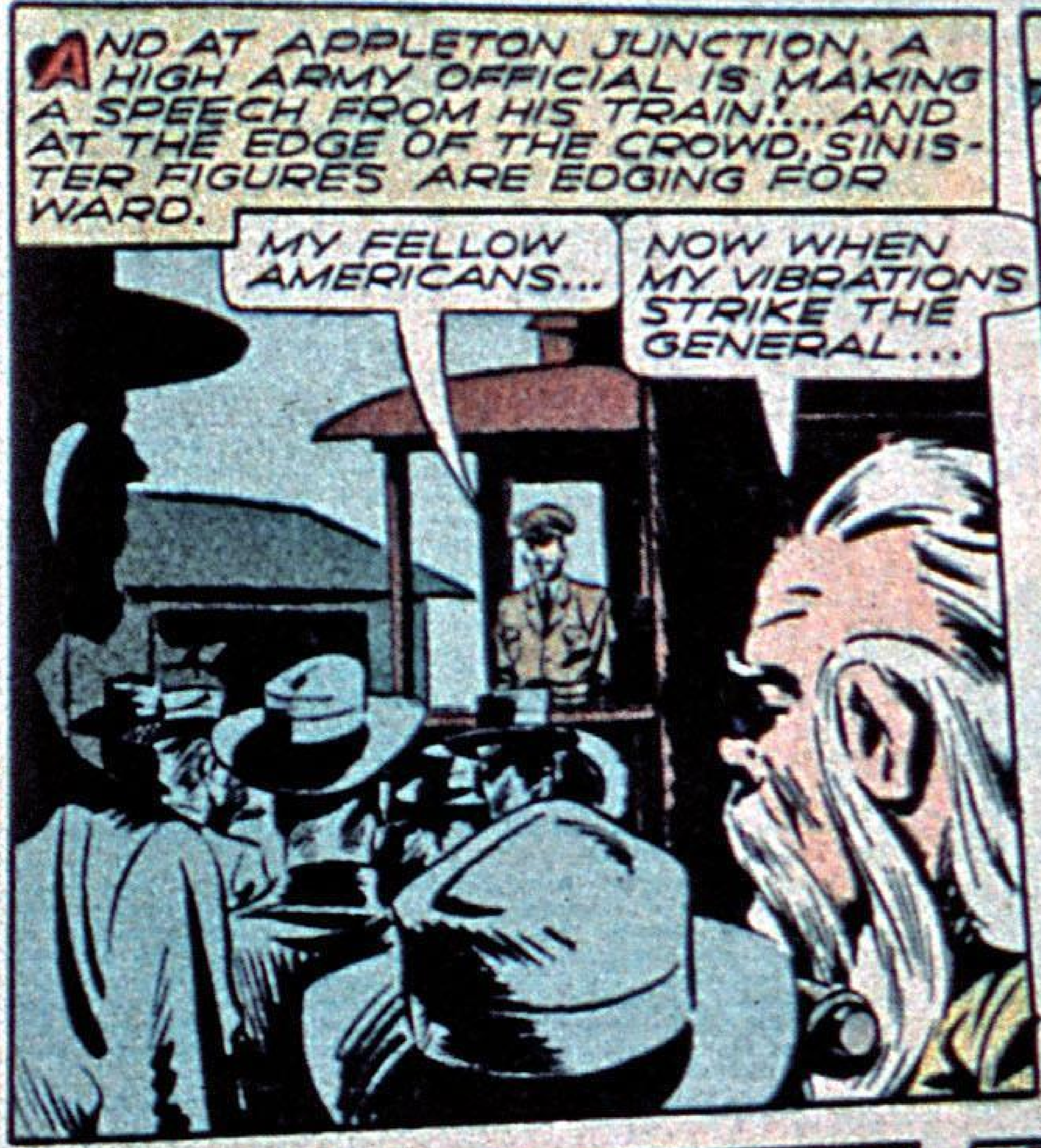

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS THE ENGINE CARRYING JEFF, TORO AND TUBBY, WHIZZES PAST RED GULCH, THE MAIN STREET IS A SHAMBLES OF GHASTLY, CRIMSON HORROR!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT TRAIN EVEN IF WE HAVE TO SMASH INTO IT!
LOOK! THE INSANITY PROJECTOR! LOOK WHAT IT'S DONE TO THAT TOWN!
AND IN THE LOCOMOTIVE OF THE BANDIT TRAIN---
HA! RED GULCH HAD A FINE TASTE OF OUR MEDICINE! NOW WE WILL STOP AT THE CAVE AND SETTLE WITH THOSE THREE YOUNG ALLIES!
GOOD! HONORABLE MASTER! THEN FROM CAVE, WE CROSS MOUNTAIN ON FOOT TO APPLETON JUNCTION TO MEET NUMBER ONE, OUR LEADER!
IN THE LONELY CAVE, THE FIEND PREPARES A GRUESOME DEATH FOR BUCKY, KNUCKLES AND WHITEWASH! BUT BUCKY SEES A WAY TO ESCAPE!
I AM LEAVING YOU HERE TO DIE--- SLOW DEATH BY STARVATION!
I'VE WORKED MY HANDS LOOSE! WHEN HE LEAVES US, I CAN GET US FREE!
CRIPES! I HOPE SO!
A MOMENT LATER, THE BANDIT TRAIN STOPS---
WHAT'S THE IDEA? WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?
YOU WILL SOON SEE!

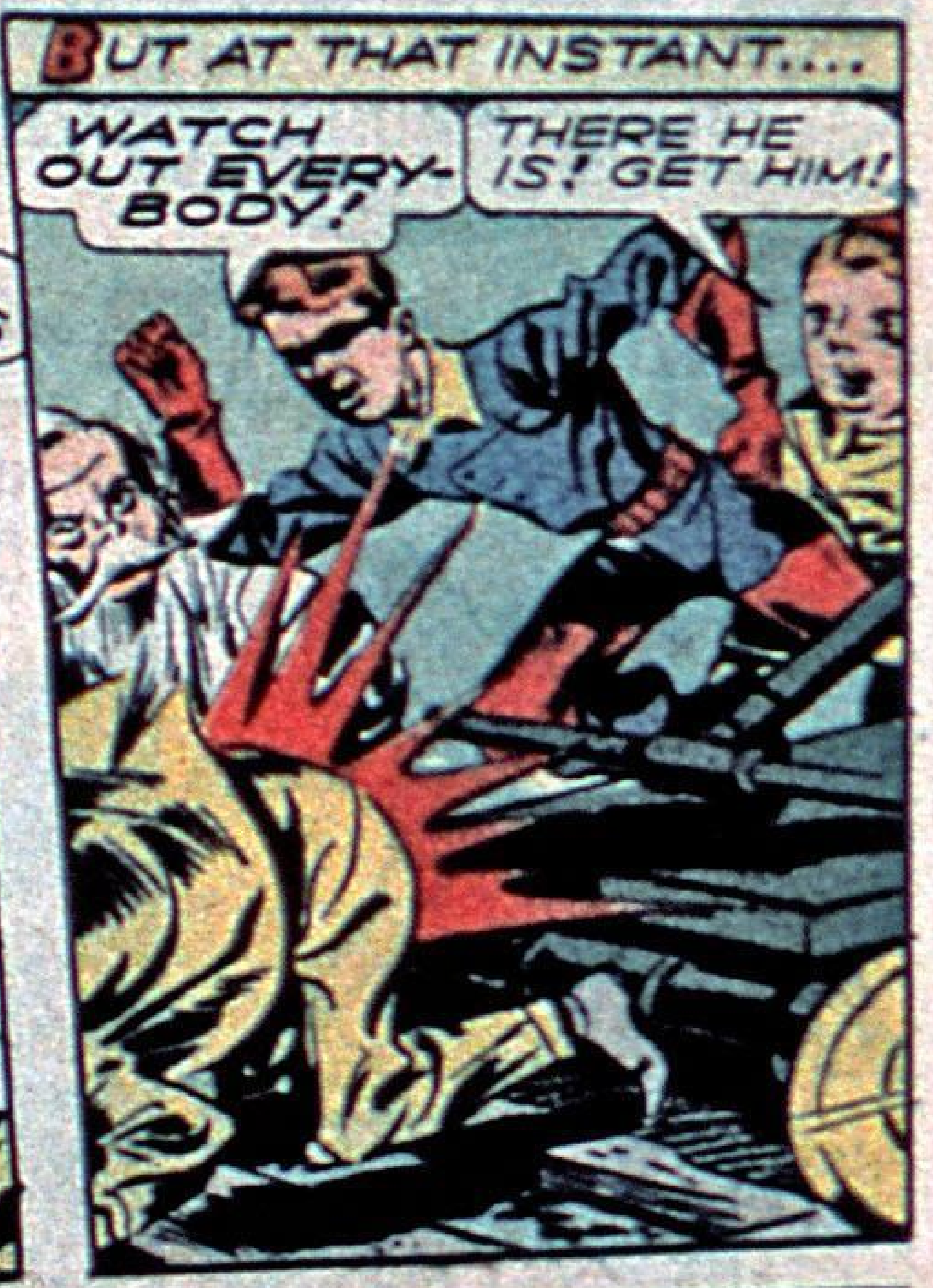

HA! HA! DID YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENED IN RED GULCH? A LOT OF PEOPLE HAD A STRANGE SEIZURE! A PERSECUTION I SHOULD CALL IT! HMMM! YES!
WHY I KNOW YOU! I'VE HEARD YOU TALK LIKE THAT BEFORE! YOU'RE DOCTOR WILKES, THE PHONY PSYCHIATRIST WHO PRETENDED TO EXAMINE POOR BOB CARTER AFTER YOU DROVE HIM INSANE!
YES, MY YOUNG FRIEND, I'M DR. WILTON WILKES- BUT YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO EXPOSE ME! YOU'RE GOING TO DIE RIGHT HERE... IF YOU ARE LUCKY, YOU WILL STARVE TO DEATH!
WHAT'S THAT GUY MEAN "IF YOU ARE LUCKY?"
A MOMENT LATER... AFTER THE FIENDISH KILLER LEAVES...
I GOT LOOSE FELLAS! I'LL HAVE YOU UNTIED IN A JIFFY!
HA! HA! I'VE TRICKED YOU NEATLY! NOW, WHEN THE INSANITY RAY HITS YOU... AND WHEN YOU SEE THAT KNIFE I LEFT FOR YOU....
THE GRISLY VIBRATIONS STRIKE AT BUCKY'S BRAIN!
...YOU'LL KILL YOUR FRIENDS! HEE! HEE!
BUCKY, DRIVEN INSANE BY THE RAY TURNS ON HIS FRIENDS AND...
GOT TO KILL YOU... PRETENDING TO BE MY PALS... AND ALWAYS PLOTTING AGAINST ME! I'LL KILL YOU BOTH!
BUCKY! BUCKY! STOP!
YEOW! HE'S CRAZY! PUT DOWN DAT KNIFE!
I'VE GOT YOU! I'LL KILL YOU NOW... BOTH OF YOU! HA! HA!
LAWSY! HE'S GWINE TO CARVE US UP!

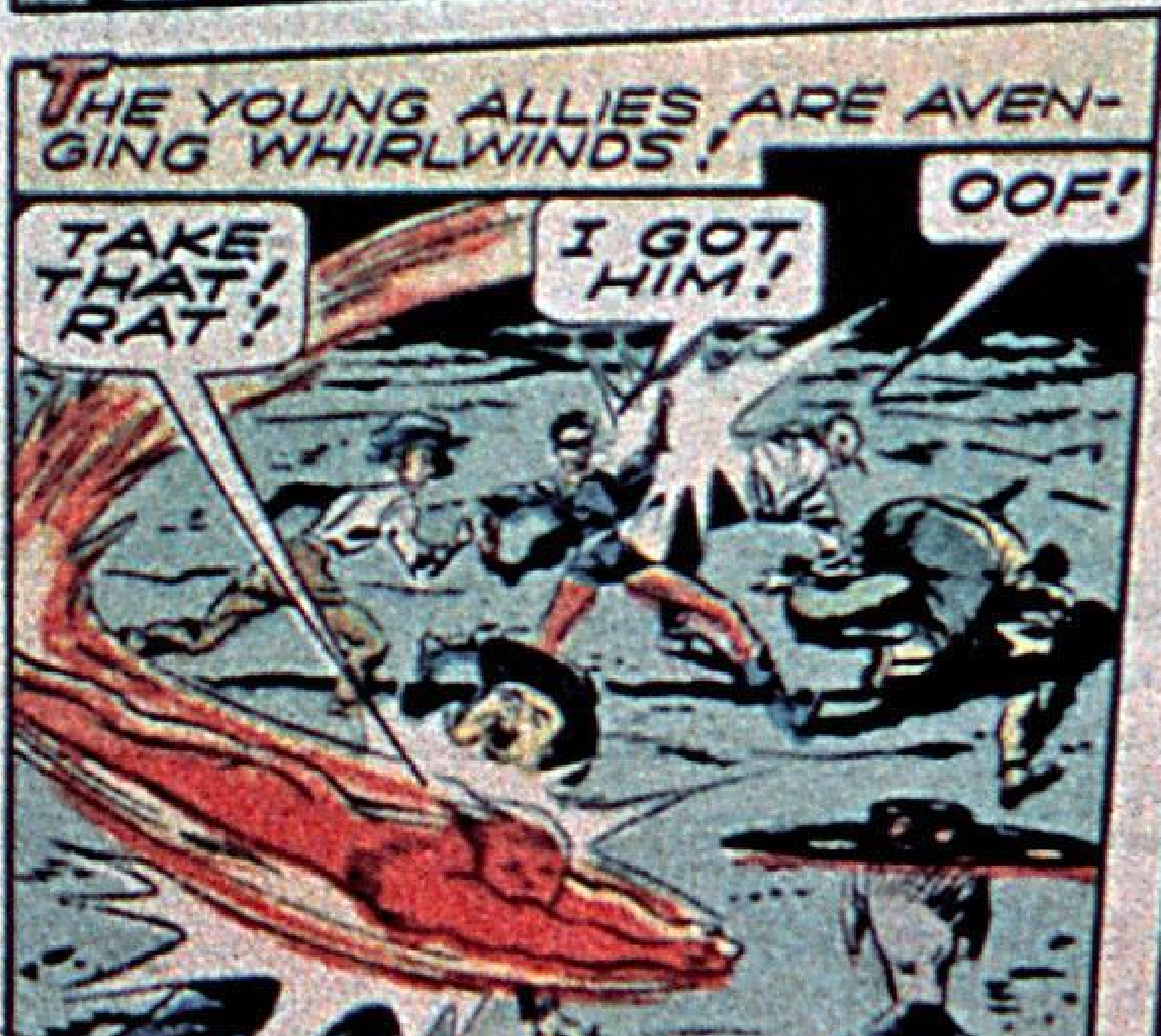

AND MEANWHILE, IN THE OTHER LOCOMOTIVE...
THERE'S THE BANDIT TRAIN! THEY'VE STOPPED! PUT ON THE BRAKES, JEFF! OR WE'LL CRASH INTO IT!
I AM!
NOBODY HERE!
LISTEN! FROM THAT CAVE, OVER THERE!
I'LL KILL YOU BOTH!
BUCKY! STOP!
THERE IN THE CAVE! SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS HAPPENING!
NOW YOU DIE! YOU ROTTEN TRAITORS!
BUCKY! DON'T!
I'LL KILL YOU!
YEOWG!
I'LL STOP HIM!
WHY, WHY, WHAT HAPPENED? I'M I-I'VE GOT TO..
NO, YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING! JUST STAND STILL, YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A SECOND!
WHEW, TORO! YOU GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!

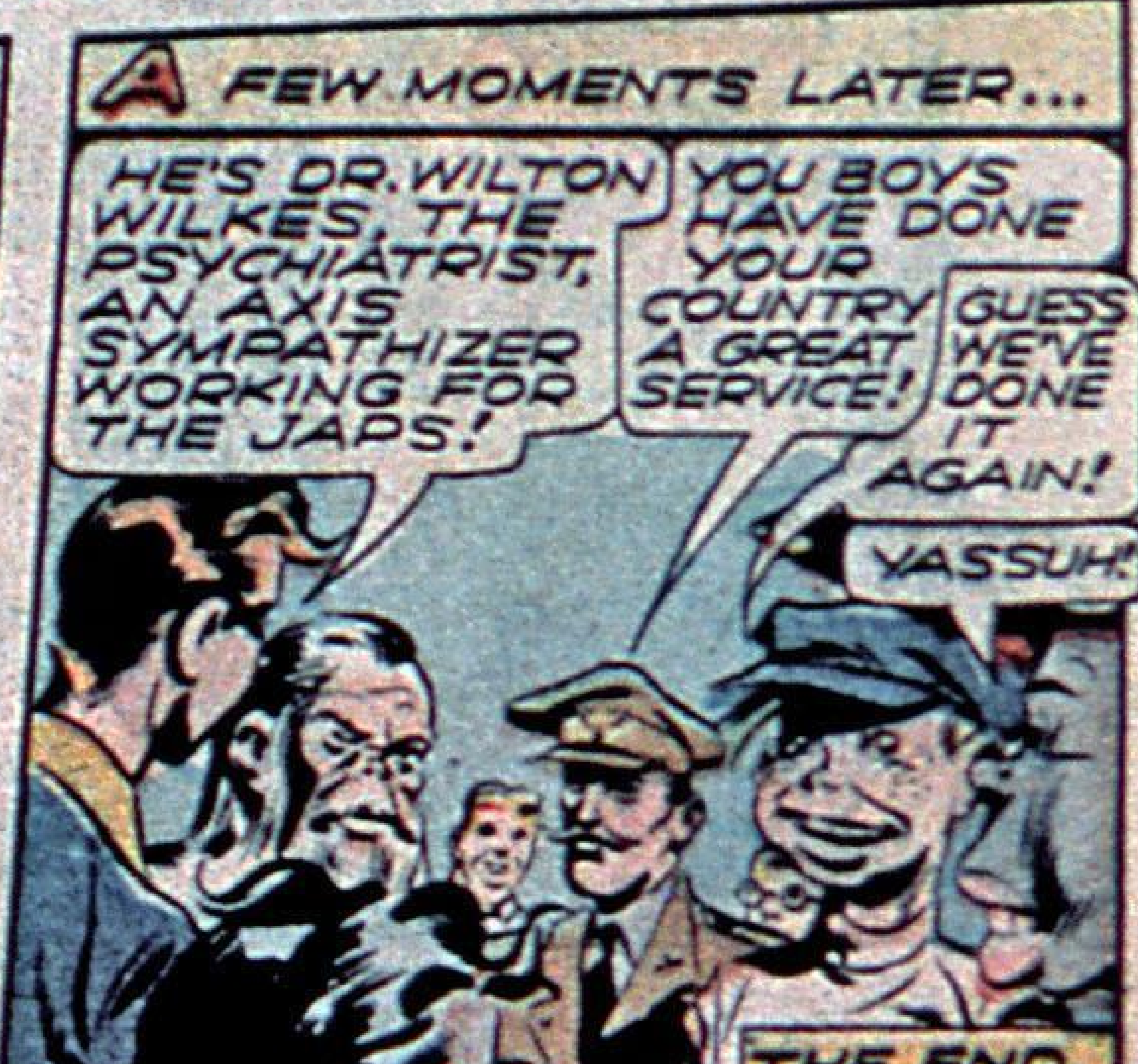

AND PRESENTLY WHEN BUCKY HAS RECOVERED...
THE RAT'S HAVE GONE ON FOOT OVER THE MOUNTAIN TO APPLETON JUNCTION...
APPLETON JUNCTION'S FEW MILES AHEAD!
LOOK! THAT SHED! MAYBE THERE'S A HAND-CAR IN IT!


KEEP AT IT FELLERS! WE GOTTA GET THERE AHEAD OF THOSE JAPS!


AND AT APPLETON JUNCTION, A HIGH ARMY OFFICIAL IS MAKING A SPEECH FROM HIS TRAIN!... AND AT THE EDGE OF THE CROWD, SINISTER FIGURES ARE EDGING FORWARD.
MY FELLOW AMERICANS...
NOW WHEN MY VIBRATIONS STRIKE THE GENERAL...


BUT AT THAT INSTANT....
WATCH OUT EVERYBODY!
THERE HE IS! GET HIM!


THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE AVENGING WHIRLWINDS!
OOF!
TAKE THAT! RAT!
I GOT HIM!


A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
HE'S DR. WILTON WILKES, THE PSYCHIATRIST, AN AXIS SYMPATHIZER WORKING FOR THE JAPS!
YOU BOYS HAVE DONE YOUR COUNTRY A GREAT SERVICE!
GUESS WE'VE DONE IT AGAIN!
YASSUH!
THE END.

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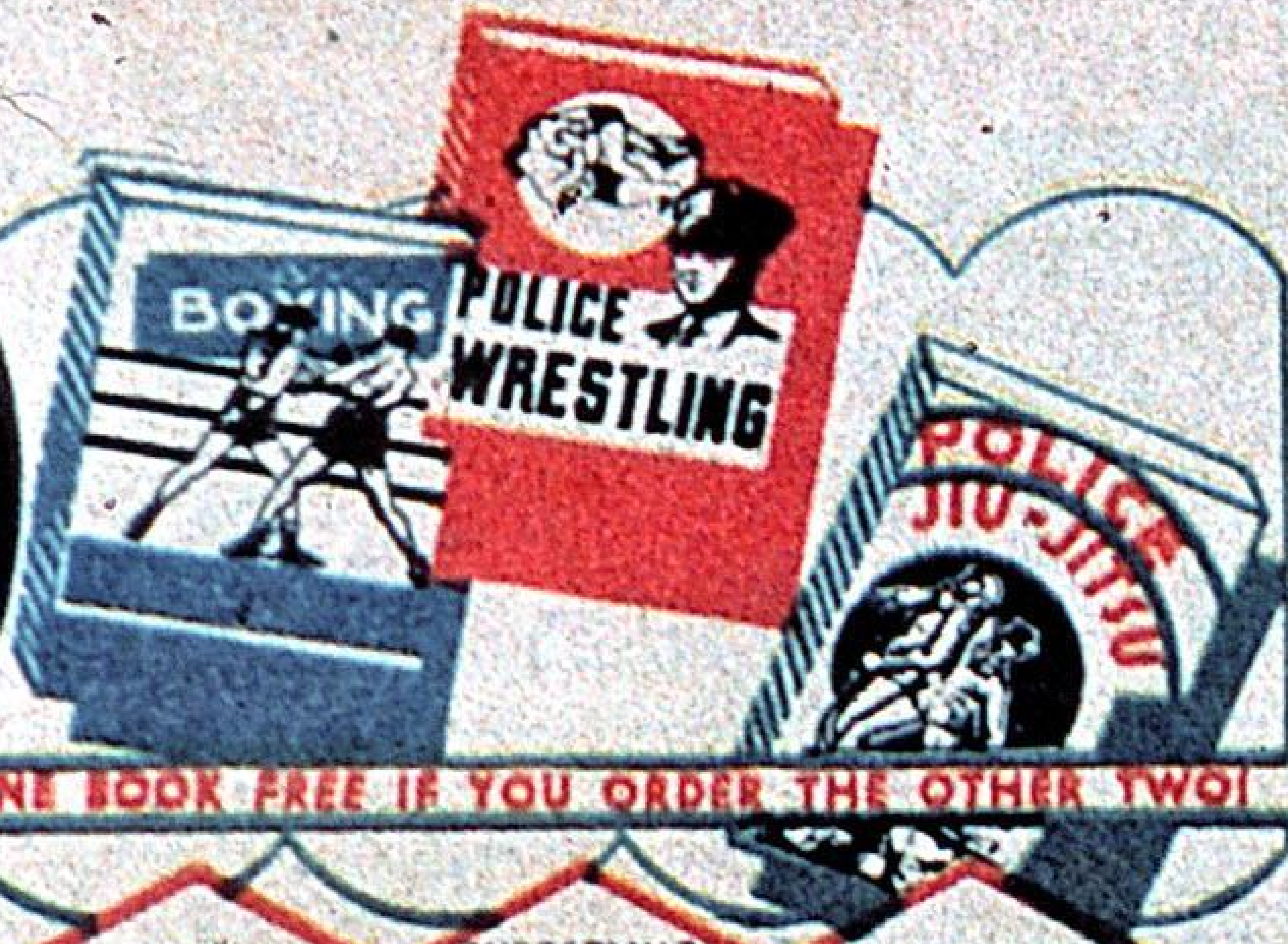

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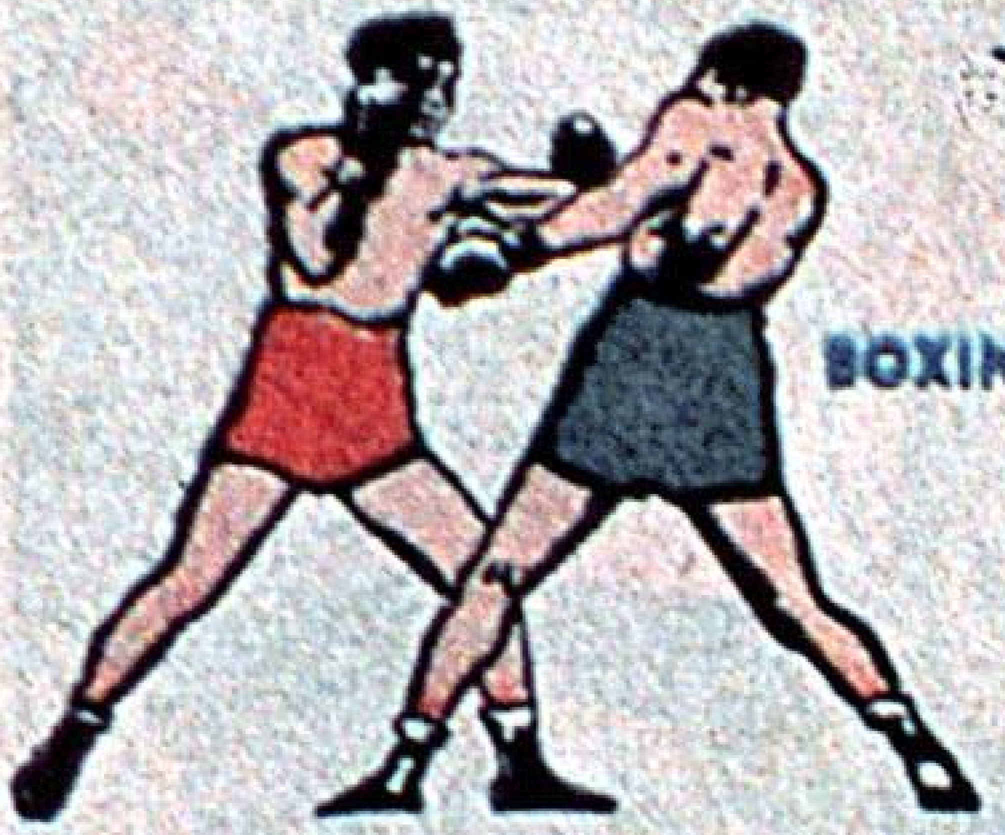

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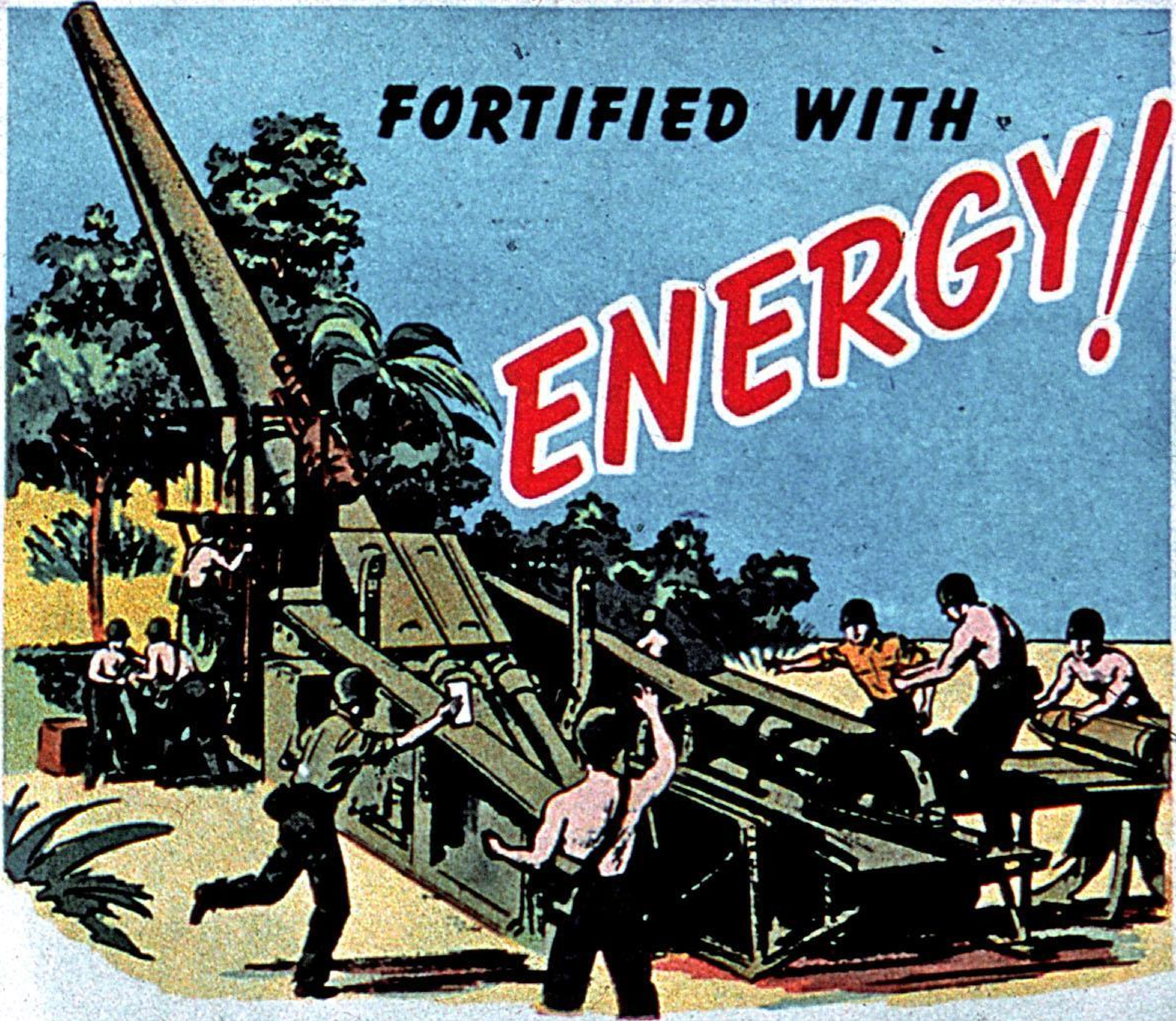

Powerful firing equipment to guard our shores are the U. S. Coastal Defense Guns, placed at strategic points, manned by alert artillerymen. Raised and lowered instantly, they pack tremendous ENERGY-wallop—fortify our coastline.

Baby Ruth ***HELPS TO FORTIFY YOU WITH FOOD-ENERGY***

Baby Ruth, rich in dextrose, helps to fortify *you* against fatigue when body sugars are low. Because Baby Ruth helps provide so many of the essential foods necessary for strenuous activity, millions are sent to Uncle Sam's fighters everywhere. Because their needs come FIRST, you may not always find Baby Ruth at your store, but shortages are only temporary . . . ask again for *your* Baby Ruth.

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Baby Ruth
RICH IN DEXTROSE

Yep! Cookies made with Baby Ruth taste good!

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Recipe on every wrapper

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